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Sunday, April 11, 1937



Beauty and the Beast

Ancient Myths
Interpreted by
Edmund Dulac

SAINT MARTHA AND THE DRAGON—

THE power of virtuous women to lead beasts to destruction is nowhere more closer than in the medieval legend of Martha, sister of Lazarus, who subdued the dragon of Tarazon. Martha, set adrift in a boat by enemies, had landed safely at Marazion, where she introduced the gospel. A monster, half beast and half fish, from its hiding place in the Rhone River, was at that time upsetting ships to eat those on board.

Sometimes, when ships were lacking, it visited nearby forests to gobble up travelers. Martha, implored to help the terrified people, went into the forest where the dragon was eating a man. She approached the monster and at once won submission, so that using her girdle as leash she led the monster to the city. There the grateful people killed it with lances and stones.

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Curious New Discoveries About Pain

Scientific Problems of Why Giant-Boy Robert Wadlow Can't Feel Any in His Big Feet; Why When a Baby Hurts It Hurts All Over; What Makes Toothache So Agonizing and Why You Can Feel Pain Where There's Nothing to Cause It



A Comparison of Robert's Feet With Those of an Average Girl. According to Our Theory, Pain Nerves Travel to His Feet, but Are So Widely Spaced That Most of the Skin Is Inaccessible to Pain.

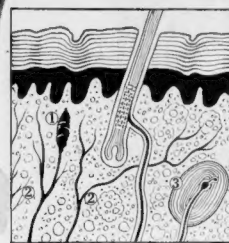
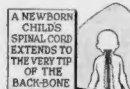
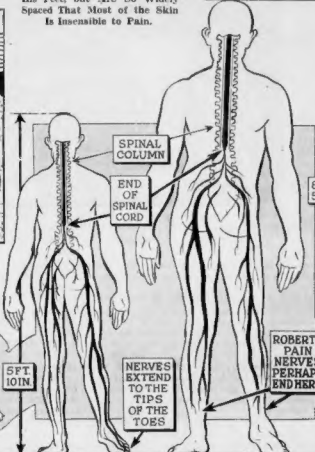


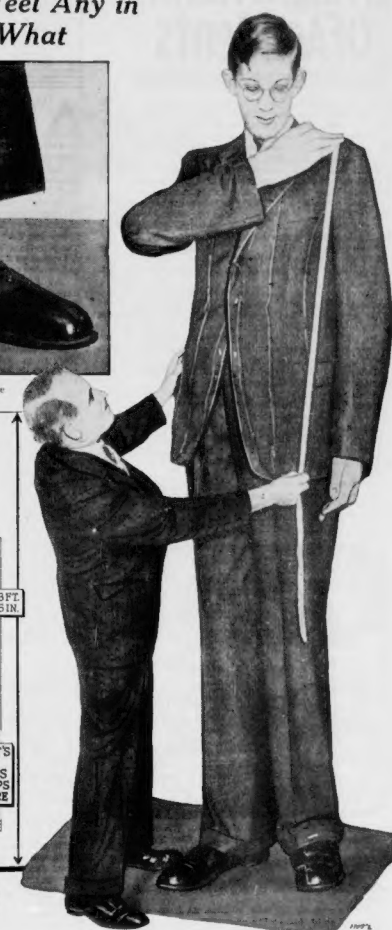
Diagram Showing (1) Tactile Bulb in the Skin Which Registers Touch; (2) Pain Nerves; (3) Nerve Bulb Registering Pressure.



A NEWBORN CHILD'S SPINAL CORD EXTENDS TO THE VERY TIP OF THE BACKBONE.



Diagrammatic Representation of the Spinal Cord in Infancy When It Occupies the Whole Spinal Column; Then in Maturity When It Reaches Only Two-thirds of the Way Down. Pain Nerves to Feet Simplified and Shown in Diagram and the Possible Condition of Robert Which Prevents Him From Feeling Pain in the Feet Because the Nerves Were Outstripped by His Rapid Growth and Fall Short.



Eighteen-Year-Old, Eight-Foot-Five-Inches-Tall Robert Wadlow Being Measured for a New Suit of Clothes by an Average-Sized Tailor. And Here Are His Long Legs Which, According to One Theory, May Have Outgrown the Nerves to His Feet.

ROBERT WADLOW, eighteen-year-old, eight-foot-five-inch giant of Alton, Illinois, has outgrown some of his pain nerves. If there is a pebble in his shoe he does not know that it has been hurting him all day until he awakes his feet at night and then he still does not feel the "sore" spots.

When a pin is sticking into a baby or a child the baby can tell the difference because in either case it shows all over its little body.

New facts such as these have come to light recently about the mysterious sense of pain and the rather poorly understood apparatus which gathers the pain news from various but not all parts of the body and sends it to the brain, often badly muddled and sometimes as in Robert's case, not sending it at all.

That Robert's head was out of communication with his feet as far as little nature like wriggling on a tack are concerned was brought to public attention by Dr. Charles Humberd, already famous for his discovery of the cause of the "hiccups" in a child.

Dr. Humberd's theory accounting for young Robert's painless feet is that it is due to their size, rather than their distance from the brain.

The sensation of pain starts in the tips of the nerve endings in the skin and it is probably true that each human being begins life with a certain definite number of these nerves and that they live many times more than he needs as a baby but just about enough to nerve the skin areas when he has achieved full growth.

But if the body outgrows the original specifications there will not be quite enough to go around, which is thought to be the reason why the skin of old people is more irritable than that of the young and may even have something to do with the proverbial "ray" disposition that goes with fatness.

Robert's feet are in proportion to his height and his weight, which is already 300 pounds and could easily reach 500 pounds without causing him to be called a fat man. On the expansion of his feet it is quite possible that the nerve endings are so far apart that a small object like a pebble does not disturb enough of them to cause a message of pain to start.

Mr. Wadlow's own theory is simpler and has much anatomical and evolutionary probability. He believes that his feet have moved away from his head so fast and so far that Nature was not able to lay nerve cable fast enough to keep the extremities connected. If so, then, quite likely the shortage occurred in the lower part of the spine where Nature always "chests" a little on her material anyway.

Now, everyone knows that the human backbone is a hollow, somewhat flexible tube, containing a precious

part of the nervous system, the spinal cord. In a baby this cord fills the entire length of the backbone from end to end and some take it for granted that it does so in an adult but not at all. The spine outgrows the cord so that when a person has reached his full stature the cord reaches only two-thirds of the way down. Accordingly nerves that enter the spine far down the back have to climb some distance up that hollow tube, all by themselves, before they can reach and solder themselves onto the lower end of the shortened cord.

Evidently in evolution the spine ran away from the cord. If the nerves have to make that climb in a normal-sized human being the shortage inside the spine of the Alton giant must be tremendous and perhaps more than some of his pain nerves were able to achieve. In that case, when the food sends a message of pain, it is talking on a dead wire.

Still another possibility is a wrong hookup. The pain nerve, tired of climbing or being stretched, may have simply hooked up with another nerve which would be certain to misinterpret its message. For instance, suppose a pain nerve from the foot should manage to unite itself with a nerve whose business is to carry sensations of cold, what would happen every time Robert stepped on the little pebble?

A pain message would run up the pain nerve, jump across to the temperature nerve and perhaps get to his brain in the form of an impression that a tiny piece of ice had touched him. It might not seem to have touched the sole of his foot but perhaps be attributed to his kneecap or most any part of his legs.

Since nerves are like wires carrying electric messages one would expect that they be thoroughly insulated to prevent short-circuits and so most of them are but there is at least one exception.

Unlike the nerves which carry to the brain the impressions of sight, hearing or touch, the pain nerves are not thoroughly insulated from each other. If any one of the body's larger nerves is examined under a microscope it looks like the cables carrying hundreds of thousands of separate telephone wires underneath a city's streets. In such a telephone cable each wire is insulated carefully from every other by wrappings of thin, tough paper. Some of the larger nerve fibers also are insulated from each other by a special sheath of living matter. For example, each touch fiber from the fingertips is insulated in this way through its entire length up to the spinal cord.

Apparently this perfect insulation has something to do with the ability of the brain to distinguish one touch signal from another; to tell that two sharp points touched to the fingertip very close together really are two

points instead of one.

Inside the same nerve cable the microscopist finds, in addition to these insulated nerve fibers, a number of smaller fibers poorly insulated from each other, sometimes not insulated at all. Long-continued researches by anatomists, notably by Professor S. W. Ranson, of the Medical School of Northwestern University, in Chicago, have shown that these fibers with poor insulation probably are the pain fibers; the other ones that have good insulation being fibers that carry impulses of touch or perhaps the impulses of temperature sense or other skin senses.

If this is true it is easy to see why pain is not so definitely localized as touch. Even if blundered most people can identify immediately sharp objects such as a lead pencil. However, if a small knife is stuck into the skin at the same spot the pain sensation is felt more or less all over that part of the hand or arm. This is still true in cases of diffuse pains, like those due to strained muscles or burnt skin. The pain sensation is a widespread one and a sharply localized one like that of touch.

This is explained if one assumes that pain messages are carried by the nerve fibers not provided with fine cable insulation. Even though the nerve message probably is not so simple in character as an ordinary electric current, one would expect this message to spread more or less out of an uninsulated nerve fiber and into adjoining nerve fibers. This is one of the important new discoveries about pain.

Another discovery is that even the relatively poor insulation of pain fibers in the nerves of an adult human being

does not exist in a very young baby. Babies apparently are born with their pain nerves still entirely uninsulated. The sheaths which later will insulate some of these fibers partly from each other are not developed until some time after birth. When a baby feels pain it is impossible for the unfortunate infant to describe it in words just where the pain is or what it feels like. The actions of such children show, however, that the pain apparently is being felt everywhere. A baby with colic seems to be in pain all over; which very likely is a precise statement of the truth.

It would be of small value to a baby if his pain nerves were all perfectly insulated because he could not extend his sensations anyway. All he needs is to feel some sort of pain and announce it so vociferously that it will bring the mother whose job is to solve the mystery.

As the baby grows up it is important for him to have at least a general idea of where the pain comes from, such as

that it is his right hand, not his left foot that is touching something hot. Therefore it is not surprising that another discovery of anatomists shows some pain nerves to be better insulated than others. Also some individuals appear to have all their pain-carrying wires pretty well insulated while others have almost no protection on any of them. This would explain why some patients can tell the doctor at once where the ache is while others invariably tell him wrong. It may also explain why some fortunate persons can ignore pain, almost as if they could turn it off like an electric switch.

Being so stingy with the insulation does not mean that Nature regards the pain mechanism as of small consequence, but merely that it is not a protection instrument, like sight or the sense of touch. A man feels a sudden pain in his leg and, for the moment, is not concerned whether it is three inches or eight above his ankle. The only important point is that it causes him to look around instantly, discover a dog's countenance attached to his leg and do something about removing it.

If Nature has been niggardly with the pain insulation, she makes up for it by extra wiring to make sure that extra-important aches get through no matter what happens. Dr. D. Stewart and Dr. S. L. Wilson of the University of Manchester, England, have shown that teeth are provided with three sets of pain nerve fibers running to the brain through three separate nerves. It is as if a murder suspect from the trial, telegraphed to a New York newspaper with a New Orleans date line. This is known as "referred pain." According to Dr. Hamilton, pain due to something wrong in the diaphragm between chest and abdomen, usually is felt in the neck; and kidney aches in the groin, instead of under the small of the back where they belong. Some stiff necks are referred pain from infected sinuses or passages in the skull.

Disturbances that cause the internal organs to send pain messages to the brain are called "physiological stimuli" and are from causes which have become familiar to the nerves on the inside of the body, as bad news. But the heart is not used to being pinched or cut up and it seems that the nerves, not knowing what to make of the novelty, send no word at all to the brain.

Often when one of the organs sends a pain complaint, it forgets to sign it and somewhere along the line a wrong guess is made. It is as if a murder suspect from the trial, telegraphed to a New York newspaper with a New Orleans date line. This is known as "referred pain." According to Dr. Hamilton, pain due to something wrong in the diaphragm between chest and abdomen, usually is felt in the neck; and kidney aches in the groin, instead of under the small of the back where they belong. Some stiff necks are referred pain from infected sinuses or passages in the skull.

Made His Living As Victim Of Accidents

LEO KLAPEC, a wealthy merchant of Prague, Czechoslovakia, drove his car carefully in the dark. As he was approaching the town of Bratislava, his headlights revealed a man staggering towards the car. He sounded his horn and slowed down—but it was too late.

The man had somehow got under the wheels. He gave a weird yell which echoed through the night. Klapac jumped out of the car and saw a man, his face distorted with pain, lying in the road, his clothes in rags.

Klapac was about to lift the man into his car and drive him to the nearest hospital, when a woman suddenly emerged from the darkness. She shrieked and sobbed as she threw herself upon the injured man's body.

"You have killed him! You killed my husband! You will be made to pay for his life!"

She was a dark-skinned young Gypsy-woman, with savage, glowing eyes.

Klapac drove both to Bratislava and took the unconscious man to a hospital. His injuries were found to be very severe and the doctors were doubtful whether he would ever recover consciousness.

He did, and this was Klapac's luck, for without the Gypsy's confession he would have been convicted for manslaughter by careless driving.

Before he died, the Gypsy regained his senses for a few minutes and whispered hoarsely:

"I want to confess. It is not the driver's fault that I was run over. I threw myself before the car. I have done it several times in the past. Now it's all over with me."

He could say no more and died a few hours later. The police did not know what to make of the man's confession and since Klapac could give them no further information beyond what he had already told them about the accident, they questioned the wife.

At first, pretty Binca persisted in accusing Klapac of killing her husband with his reckless driving. But finally she broke down under cross-examination and admitted that Slapa had earned a comfortable living by a deliberate practice of being run over. He started on this unusual and

The Man Had Been Caught Under the Wheels. Klapac Jumped From the Car and Found Him Suffering From Serious Injuries. His Clothing Ripped to Tatters.

rather risky profession eight years ago inspired by an accident.

He was making his way home from the village tavern one night, rather the worse for drink, when he was blinded by the headlights of a swiftly approaching car. Dazzled, he had no time to jump aside. He was run over but had a lucky break and, beyond the great shock, escaped with slight injuries.

The young couple who sat in the car, however, were frightened out of their wits by the accident. They were so obviously frightened that the Gypsy, recovering his senses and his shrewd wit, immediately guessed that they were not husband and wife, and that the accident, an inquiry, statement of their identity and ensuing scandal held greater danger for them than for him. Realizing that they were in his power, Slapa persisted that he would not go to the police, not even to a hospital, and would hold his tongue about the accident.

In return, the young couple, who were much relieved at this solution, paid the man a generous sum for his discretion. He recovered from his injuries within a week.

It was after this genuine mishap that Slapa decided to take up accident-slugging as a profession. He knew that this calling involved a certain amount of danger but he was willing to risk it in view of the income it would yield and was confident that he would manage to escape every time with slight injuries.

In the course of eight years Slapa staged 12 car accidents. He acquired a deft routine in getting between the wheels of cars without being gravely hurt. Sometimes he feigned drunkenness, sometimes he pretended to notice the car at the last minute only and then jumped away, taking good care to be grazed by a wheel; at night he would pretend to be dazzled by the headlights or to be peacefully asleep by the roadside and slide towards the middle of the road when the car was quite near, as though he were rolling over in his sleep. Once he staged a fainting fit right in front of an approaching car; once he walked calmly across the road despite the desperate sound of the horn.

His methods were ingeniously varied, but he was always cautious and came to no great harm, cold-bloodedly calculating in advance the exact spot and position in which he chose to be run over.

Also, Slapa took great care to choose cars driven by their owners and not by professional chauffeurs. Being something of a psychologist, he knew that men who drove their own cars would rather pay any reasonable sum than come into contact with the police and undergo irksome inquiries.

At a given moment, Slapa's wife, Binca, would appear, would shriek and sob most convincingly and raise a rumor as only Gypsy women can do. She would threaten to get the police and have the reckless driver arrested at once. In all 12 cases the trick worked, the victims paid any amount of money they had about them and were glad to get out of the unpleasant situation so easily. Slapa was in bed for a few days and he and his wife lived on the money earned for months. They were careful to keep their lucrative business methods a secret, as they did not care to attract competitors.

The thirteenth accident proved to be fatal. Slapa miscalculated the distance, threw himself under the car at the wrong moment and received fatal injuries. His confession, however, exonerated Leo Klapac.

Tax on Profits of Corporation Racketeering

ALTHOUGH the golden pomp of Empire is again ready to be trotted out for the world's biggest pageant and procession through London streets on May 12. But there are always racketeers who try to turn public events to private gain. Speculators are already fighting financial wars for options on vantage points along the route. They are charging unbelievable prices for the people even to get a glimpse of their king.

So necessary is the attitude of ticket financiers toward the historic spectacle that British Parliament has asked the Chancellor of the Exchequer to interfere. As a result, a heavy tax may be placed on the more outrageous prices. The Ministers of Parliament feel that London must not get a reputation for swindling the public over something so closely tied up with Britain's imperial prestige.

At the same time the hotel and travel organizations have formed an emergency clearing house for accommodations. It is their hope to get so many places to co-operate that prices will be forced down to a reasonable figure. If there are enough reasonable quarters for everyone, the exploiters will not be able to cash in on their greed. What makes their extortion especially intolerable is the fact that the ornately gilded Coronation Coach, which will be the only King and Queen motor roll five and one-half miles to Westminster Abbey, and no street is passable.

Yet all those miles of galleries built for the event are sold out, and windows and spaces in front of buildings cost plenty. Good seats in the grandstands went from \$50 to \$500 while they lasted. It is impossible to get a large window for less than \$500. Oxford and Regent Street flats overlooking the parade can be rented for \$250 for the week of the Coronation.

One reason for such prices is that literally all the world loves a parade when it is such a parade as this will be—the first British coronation in twenty-five years. Then only the thirty-seventh one in the 872 years since William the Conqueror first had himself crowned, as the heir chosen by childless Edward the Confessor, on the site of the abbey on Christmas Day. Coronations were made for crowds, and the grand show of military strength and the dazzling splendor of coaches, jewels and glittering robes are intended to convince the people that the government deserves all their confidence and loyalty.

Not only Englishmen with buttons popping from chests pride will crowd the streets that day. From all nations there will be convays and strangers both curious and envious, and this last is especially true of Americans. "If the mountain will not go to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain" goes the proverb. Since Americans miss the splendor of royalty in their own political life, they go to England for it. The steamer Queen Mary had all berths for the Coronation voyage bought out months in advance, all steamships to Europe for that week have since been fully booked.

Scandalous prices for the Coronation seats are not, as one might suppose, a new development for the commercialized times are to blame. At Queen Victoria's coronation in 1838, when the nation was poorer and there had been paid for seats alone. Seats in timber galleries all along the route brought prices of \$20 to \$750, windows of houses brought \$30, and frontages of houses rented for up to \$1,000. Although the prices of that day were noticeably lower than this, the coming event did cast a very substantial shadow before.

For centuries Coronation days all London, from the lowliest to the haughtiest, has packed the streets and whirled caps and bonnets into the air in a frenzy of solidarity and joy. Samuel Pepys, one of the great chroniclers of town who managed to view everything that London could show, saw the coronation of Charles II in 1649 by getting up at four in the morning. He wrote, "I rose and got to the abbey, and with much ado did get up to a scaffold in

Although Millions Pay to See the Pageantry, Only a Comparatively Few Are Privileged to See the Actual Coronation. These Are High Officials, Diplomats and the Nobility.

the north end, where, with a good deal of patience, I sat from four till eleven." The religious ceremonies of the Coronation always take place at eleven, the hour of Sunday morning church throughout England.

George VI will ride with his wife in the four-ton coach which has been used for coronations ever since it was made in 1781 for George III at a cost of \$40,000. After leaving Buckingham Palace the royal pair will proceed to Westminster Abbey by almost the shortest route—a mere mile and a half along the Mall to Trafalgar Square and down Whitehall to the abbey. In that famed building, the religious rituals are held. King Edward IV gratefully called the abbey "the Peculiar Chapel of our principal Palace, in which we and our ancestors received our coronation, and all other Royal honours." King Edward IV was sentimental about the place also, and called it a building "placed in the forefront of the world of England... consecrated by the Blessed Apostle St. Paul, and distinguished by the tomb of the most salutary Edward." The evening before the Coronation, Westminster Abbey passes into possession of the Crown and its officers, and the doors are opened at 5 A. M.

To those with such high official, nobility and privilege, the actual coronation is permitted to watch the actual coronation.

Here, in particular, everything is determined by precedence. Assisted by six earls' daughters, the Mistress of the Robes—a duchess—holds the end of the First Lady's train high in the air, while a small boy holds her own train.

Then follow two Ladies of the Bedchamber in Waiting, six Maids of Honour, two Ladies of the Bedchamber, two ladies slip into place on each side of the Queen. The Westminster boys in the gallery make the traditional welcome.

The procession then waits at the altar while the King comes down the aisle. The recognition, the anointing, and the crowning of the King follow. The practice of anointing a ruler is thousands of years old and is still only originally from Judaical rites. According to Thomas a Becket, a great Archbishop at Canterbury, "Kings are anointed on the head to signify their glory, on the breast to signify their sanctity, and on the arm to signify their power."

After the crowning, the bells of all London begin to ring, the guns of London Tower roar approval, and the King comes down upon his red and gold throne, draped in sumptuous cloth-of-gold robes. Then the Queen kneels at the altar while four duchesses hold a cloth-of-gold canopy over her. After her head is anointed by the Archbishop, her crown with its Koh-i-noor and the lesser stars of Africa is set upon it. A masting sound in the gallery follows the percerous are putting on their coronets.

The Queen's ring is put on her right hand, in which hand is then placed her gold and jeweled sceptre of the crown, while her other hand receives the dove-tipped ivory rod. Then the Queen passes from the altar to her throne next to the King on a dais two steps lower. As she passes the King, her train spread like a peacock's tail, her crown gleams like a mountain of eagles' curlew.

The Holy Communion is celebrated, and then the crowned heads pass together into St. Edward's Chapel. There the King trades the heavy crown of St. Edward for a circlet and ermine robe, and the Queen and ermine robe.

All the long way back to the Palace they ride, along the Embankment, past Trafalgar Square, around Pall Mall and the Mall, and then to the Palace. The King and Queen, Oxford Street, past the Marble Arch, along Regent Street, where the radicals stand with their hats off but not as ex-again. The day is a riot, and Constitution Hill to the palace can be swept away, and an old empire faces destiny under a new ruler. It is this future which Edward VIII, the "prince without a history," the "unsanctioned king" of all time, gave up.

Weeks of receptions and banquets follow, ending with the Royal Court at the Palace on July 1.

Resisting the Invasion of Ancient Indian Torture Trees

SADLY mutilated hundreds of years ago by American Indians during their fanatical punishment rites, giant 1,000-year-old oak trees in Felicita Park, San Diego County, California, are being preserved and partially restored under direction of the park supervisors.

For months an army of expert tree surgeons has been at work in this little-known, 42-acre public park, rehabilitating these gigantic, weirdly misshapen, yet mysterious beautiful trees which still show effects of the remarkable crucifixion punishment of the Poway Indians.

Felicita Park, near Escondido, California, was originally the Judgment Grove and execution chambers of these Indians, who meted out to evil-doers penalties which today would seem inhuman.

Adultery, cowardice and theft were the worst crimes, the ones most frequently punished by the fatal "wing death," tree imprisonment.

Indians who stole the males of their fellows were tree immediately. The entire tribe appeared to witness their mortification. Upon conviction, which was usually quick and signified by a single nod of the head of each chief who formed part of the judgment ring, the prisoners were closely guarded to prevent possible suicide.

The punishment tree selected for their prison was prepared by tree surgeons as skillful as those now preserving these monarchs of the forest. Young, pliable saplings cut from the growing tree, were grafted into one of the huge limbs high above the ground and the unhappy victims were securely bound to the tree branch and hung, bound closely together, suspended in the oak.

These victims were carefully tended and fed, forced to eat, if necessary, and diligent care was given the prisoners so that they thrived and grew and gradually earned their helpless prey in ever-growing bonds of living oak.

Tales come down through the ages of helpless captives who lived thus in these set untouchable, proximity, for years, while below them the free members of the tribe laughed and played and lived and loved, but always with a look of awe and consternation on their faces when their lives were in the hands of the tree.

Occasionally, a prisoner was given the privilege of slipping down the tree and escaping, but this was a rare occurrence. The tree was so high and the limbs so close together, that escape was almost impossible.

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Rabbit With Dollars on Easy New Style Dance

NO greased pigs for Mormons—out West they turn loose wild jackrabbits on dance hall floors.

The Box Elder County Fish and Game Association featured a bunny hop at Crystal Springs, near Brigham City, Utah, recently, at which a dozen rabbits were turned loose for women and men and boys to catch.

Dollar-wise, the catch was just as good as the usual red and yellow ribbon, and whoever caught the rabbit kept the money.

Everybody enjoyed the fun, except the jackrabbits and the men who suffered broken legs in their mad dash for a week or more before the event the rabbits were kept in cages and fed the right kind of food, so they would have plenty of snap and go when the time came for the big hop.

On the night of the affair everybody taking part in it lined up on one side of the ball room. There was a lot of good-natured jockeying for positions in the front row, but the rule of first come first served was followed, and finally all the participants were ready for the wild scramble.

Then the rabbits were brought in, in a cage, which was placed on the far side of the ball room. A whistle blew, the charge started, the cage door jerked open, and out jumped the rabbits. The first jump was toward the advancing crowd, but in an instant the rabbits realized that was a bad idea, and they turned back to the cage.

They could see right away it was no use trying to buck the north end, where, with a good deal of patience, I sat from four till eleven. The religious ceremonies of the Coronation always take place at eleven, the hour of Sunday morning church throughout England.

George VI will ride with his wife in the four-ton coach which has been used for coronations ever since it was made in 1781 for George III at a cost of \$40,000. After leaving Buckingham Palace the royal pair will proceed to Westminster Abbey by almost the shortest route—a mere mile and a half along the Mall to Trafalgar Square and down Whitehall to the abbey. In that famed building, the religious rituals are held. King Edward IV gratefully called the abbey "the Peculiar Chapel of our principal Palace, in which we and our ancestors received our coronation, and all other Royal honours." King Edward IV was sentimental about the place also, and called it a building "placed in the forefront of the world of England... consecrated by the Blessed Apostle St. Paul, and distinguished by the tomb of the most salutary Edward." The evening before the Coronation, Westminster Abbey passes into possession of the Crown and its officers, and the doors are opened at 5 A. M.

To those with such high official, nobility and privilege, the actual coronation is permitted to watch the actual coronation. Here, in particular, everything is determined by precedence. Assisted by six earls' daughters, the Mistress of the Robes—a duchess—holds the end of the First Lady's train high in the air, while a small boy holds her own train.

Then follow two Ladies of the Bedchamber in Waiting, six Maids of Honour, two Ladies of the Bedchamber, two ladies slip into place on each side of the Queen. The Westminster boys in the gallery make the traditional welcome.

The procession then waits at the altar while the King comes down the aisle. The recognition, the anointing, and the crowning of the King follow. The practice of anointing a ruler is thousands of years old and is still only originally from Judaical rites. According to Thomas a Becket, a great Archbishop at Canterbury, "Kings are anointed on the head to signify their glory, on the breast to signify their sanctity, and on the arm to signify their power."

After the crowning, the bells of all London begin to ring, the guns of London Tower roar approval, and the King comes down upon his red and gold throne, draped in sumptuous cloth-of-gold robes. Then the Queen kneels at the altar while four duchesses hold a cloth-of-gold canopy over her. After her head is anointed by the Archbishop, her crown with its Koh-i-noor and the lesser stars of Africa is set upon it. A masting sound in the gallery follows the percerous are putting on their coronets.

The Queen's ring is put on her right hand, in which hand is then placed her gold and jeweled sceptre of the crown, while her other hand receives the dove-tipped ivory rod. Then the Queen passes from the altar to her throne next to the King on a dais two steps lower. As she passes the King, her train spread like a peacock's tail, her crown gleams like a mountain of eagles' curlew.

The Holy Communion is celebrated, and then the crowned heads pass together into St. Edward's Chapel. There the King trades the heavy crown of St. Edward for a circlet and ermine robe, and the Queen and ermine robe.

All the long way back to the Palace they ride, along the Embankment, past Trafalgar Square, around Pall Mall and the Mall, and then to the Palace. The King and Queen, Oxford Street, past the Marble Arch, along Regent Street, where the radicals stand with their hats off but not as ex-again. The day is a riot, and Constitution Hill to the palace can be swept away, and an old empire faces destiny under a new ruler. It is this future which Edward VIII, the "prince without a history," the "unsanctioned king" of all time, gave up.

Weeks of receptions and banquets follow, ending with the Royal Court at the Palace on July 1.

These accidents usually ended the games for that day. The victim was left where he died. Some of the trees in the park still show the marks of thousands of tomahawk cuts and a visitor may easily picture the frantic writhings of those long-ago human targets.

Indians as a rule looked upon cowardice as the worst of all human failings, and this was especially true of the Poways. Their very existence depended upon bravery, and for nothing else was a man so much admired if he had it, or despised if he lacked it. Without exceptional bravery, they would not live as they did in a wilderness, surrounded on all sides by physical dangers. Without bravery, they could not carry on the almost constant warfare which for some mysterious reason seemed to be necessary in order to prevent enemy tribes from destroying them. Thus it was for a good reason that Indian men called themselves "brave men," and an unfortunate indeed was any tribesman who proved himself unworthy of that title by showing fear or the presence of an enemy.

A far-away gleam comes into the eyes of Tim Curran, Indian pastor of the Indian Mission at Escondido when these punishment trees are mentioned. A highly intelligent, Christian man, Curran still recalls the teachings of his forefathers, handed down through the ages from chief to his sons. There were times when braves unjustly convicted of cowardice proved their courage by swiftly moving their heads to meet speeding blades that would have named them by inches.

Thieves sometimes suffered only a year's imprisonment in a punishment tree. Their cell would be a hollowed out branch of a tree, facing the sky, and the object of their theft hanging before them in their constant line of vision. Rawhide thongs were used to bind such prisoners in their coffin-cells instead of living limbs of trees.

But happy times prevail in Felicita Park today—child-frenzy swing happily in the twisted limbs—that once held faithful lovers, and play hide and seek in the hollow trees where cowards once squirmed and shivered.

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Resisting the Invasion of Ancient Indian Torture Trees

SADLY mutilated hundreds of years ago by American Indians during their fanatical punishment rites, giant 1,000-year-old oak trees in Felicita Park, San Diego County, California, are being preserved and partially restored under direction of the park supervisors.

For months an army of expert tree surgeons has been at work in this little-known, 42-acre public park, rehabilitating these gigantic, weirdly misshapen, yet mysterious beautiful trees which still show effects of the remarkable crucifixion punishment of the Poway Indians.

Felicita Park, near Escondido, California, was originally the Judgment Grove and execution chambers of these Indians, who meted out to evil-doers penalties which today would seem inhuman.

Adultery, cowardice and theft were the worst crimes, the ones most frequently punished by the fatal "wing death," tree imprisonment.

Indians who stole the males of their fellows were tree immediately. The entire tribe appeared to witness their mortification. Upon conviction, which was usually quick and signified by a single nod of the head of each chief who formed part of the judgment ring, the prisoners were closely guarded to prevent possible suicide.

The punishment tree selected for their prison was prepared by tree surgeons as skillful as those now preserving these monarchs of the forest. Young, pliable saplings cut from the growing tree, were grafted into one of the huge limbs high above the ground and the unhappy victims were securely bound to the tree branch and hung, bound closely together, suspended in the oak.

These victims were carefully tended and fed, forced to eat, if necessary, and diligent care was given the prisoners so that they thrived and grew and gradually earned their helpless prey in ever-growing bonds of living oak.

Tales come down through the ages of helpless captives who lived thus in these set untouchable, proximity, for years, while below them the free members of the tribe laughed and played and lived and loved, but always with a look of awe and consternation on their faces when their lives were in the hands of the tree.

Occasionally, a prisoner was given the privilege of slipping down the tree and escaping, but this was a rare occurrence. The tree was so high and the limbs so close together, that escape was almost impossible.

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Rise and Fall of Lawyer Reilly, Crooks' Famous "Mouthpiece"

Ingenious Tricks and Devices by Which Kidnaper Hauptmann's Defender, Recently Adjudged an "Incompetent," Won the Sympathies of Juries and His Reputation



Cecilia McCormick, Who Smuggled a Pistol In to Her Gangster Husband in Jail With Fatal Results. But the Judge Refused to Let Reilly Bring Her Baby Into Court When She Was Tried on Murder Charge.

EDWARD J. REILLY, the great "mouthpiece" of the underworld, the man who has been declared incompetent to manage his own affairs, and has been placed in a state hospital for mental cases. Was this genius who often said, "No matter what they get on you there's always a way to beat the rap," already slipping into incompetency when he failed to find the loophole for Bruno Hauptmann, in the most famous of all his cases?

Yet Reilly's personal affairs, mostly based on the alimony demands of his three wives, seem simple, compared to the ghastly tangle of his clients, often caught as red-handed that nothing but a miracle could keep them from the electric chair. And Reilly was competent to perform that miracle to the satisfaction of some professional murderers as Frankie Yale and his crew. Word had spread through New York underworld that a Brooklyn Supreme Court Justice had pointed to this lawyer and said:

"That's the most dangerous man in Brooklyn—he lets murderers out on the street."

What a testimonial! And it was true. He was befuddled jury acquittal in shooting-guilty murder; the judge was outraged at the miscarriage of justice but he not only made that statement but it is said, expanded his showing tobacco. Reilly's only reply was to laugh discreetly behind his hand. From his point of view it was the perfect tribute.

Reilly was not always so successful. In his earlier days he lost enough cases to be called for a while "Electrication Reilly." But that was before he had discovered his own peculiar talents. In some long days he prepared his defense, methodically, in advance, striving to foresee everything that would happen in court and always having his pieces upon the unexpected.

The triumph came after he reversed the verdict, going into court with one plan and only one policy, to wait for the prosecution to make some mistake and then take the utmost advantage of it.

It must not be supposed that Reilly's clients were always guilty. Many of them were undoubtedly innocent. But Reilly contended that with police methods what they were in the eyes of evidence so right, it is often next to impossible to have an innocent client without resorting to legal trickery.

Nobody could foresee what this strange genius would do in court. He might keep things in a constant turmoil with his surprises and theatrical stunts, even accusing the State's star witness of being the murderer. But he was even more dangerous when he seemed to be asleep at the switch, doing nothing.

In one of the cases that brought him fame he was defending a man accused of murdering another with a knife. While parading, thoroughness, the State built up what seemed to be an unbeatable case, unless the credibility of the witnesses could be attacked. But Reilly sat, with eyes almost closed, apparently fast asleep. With a lazy yawn he plumped back and declined the opportunity of cross-examining the State's witnesses.

Was the great "mouthpiece" drunk or dazed, that he would dare while

the deadly evidence piled up against his client? The only time he showed even a faint interest was when the medical examiner was giving a routine description of the fatal wound. The doctor said the wound was four inches deep and an inch wide.

As if reluctantly arousing himself from slumber Reilly asked: "You are sure it was an inch wide?"

"Not quite an inch," the doctor replied.

Then Reilly seemed to sink back into a doze. But when the State had identified the knife as belonging to the defendant and rested its case, Reilly ponderously pulled himself up from his chair, reached for the knife and called for a tape measure. With theatrical deliberation he measured the knife before the jury, announcing that four inches from the tip it was two and a quarter inches wide.

Then he rested his case without producing a single witness and only a few words for argument. The judge directed the jury to bring in a verdict of not guilty.

The State's case against the man had been almost perfect, except for one thing. Reilly knew the police had picked up the wrong knife and that was all he needed to know.

Rarely did Reilly have such a break as that. Usually he had to divert the jury's minds from the plain facts by staging a sentimental drama in court, causing them to render their verdict on an emotional basis.

During these diverting dramas his favorite actor was a baby. If he could only inject a baby, especially in the woman's arms, into the case, the prosecution seemed to have no chance.

Reilly's most dazzling mother-and-baby act was worked on a jury in the case of pretty Rosie Carson. Rosie had posed for a painting of the Madonna, and she thought the artist who painted it was in love with her. But when she told him she was going to have a child he refused to marry her—so she whipped out a stiletto and killed him.

Reilly took Rosie's case. He kept delaying the trial by first one subterfuge and then another, until the child was born. Then he draped a shawl over Rosie's shoulders, put the baby in her arms and, placing the painting of the Madonna beside her, he invited news photographers to make the most of it. They did—and when Rosie appeared in court, dressed in the robes of being the mother of the child, already so much sympathy for her had been worked up that her acquittal was a foregone conclusion.

Much to the disapproval of his gangster clients Reilly would never stoop to bribery or intimidation of juries, but he practically had his jury fixed before the trial started. An example of that was when he defended an Irishman who had killed a relative in a family feud. Some lawyers might have thought the facts looked pretty black for his accused, but Reilly wasn't worried because the client's wife provided him with something better than facts—namely not merely one, but six small



Edward J. Reilly in a Characteristic Jury Pose.



Mrs. Fleurette Reilly, His Third Wife, Whose Sympathies He Couldn't Arouse Enough to Avoid Paying Alimony.

children.

During the selection of the jury the mother and her six children sat in a front seat, where Reilly would point to them and ask each venireman if he had ever seen them before. Time after time this caused prospective jurors to be stricken with conscientious scruples against capital punishment, and that rattled the prosecution so badly that before they realized what was happening, Reilly had succeeded in getting a jury composed entirely of Irishmen.

Then the trial started, and the children cried so loudly the judge ordered them out of the court room. But it was too late, they had already made a deep impression on that jury. After the acquittal one of the jurors is reported to have said to the man they had just freed:

"You were lucky to get out of this son. Don't do it again."

Sometimes it was impossible to drag a baby into the case and Reilly had to do as best he could without that waiting angel. Such was the situation when a woman client who had shot and killed a prominent lawyer, on the street.

Reilly fell back on one of his other tricks—he accused the prosecution of trying to railroad his client to the electric chair, and charged them with being in league with sinister political influences. His defense was "temporary insanity," and when he came to his closing argument he made the most of it.

"A woman," he said, "is a fountain of emotion; to her love is the supreme aim of her life. Let him who



One of Reilly's Clients, on Trial for Murder, Repeatedly Burst Into Tears on the Witness Stand Whenever Tears Would Seem to Have the Best Effect on the Jury. It Was Reported That Reilly Gave the Cue by Patting His Left Knee.

clients rushed to their rescuer to shake his hand but Reilly coldly refused to do so.

Through his ingenuity, Reilly's clients were able to get away with murder, yet he himself couldn't get away with matrimony. Three times he tried and failed, the first two sacking him with alimony, and from the third he was to have fled into a state of incompetency in a psychiatric ward. His first wife, Elizabeth Reilly, divorced him in 1913, with alimony of \$50 a week. The great "mouthpiece" was making good money, forewarn a great future, and did not mind being mortgaged to pay that amount to be rid of a wife whom he no longer liked.

About the only person who criticized him for it was an attractive young lady, Vivien Ellis, destined to be the next Mrs. Reilly. Vivien intimated that Elizabeth had put something over on him even if he was a smart lawyer. This hurt his professional pride and he is said to have told her some of the smart things he had put over on the ex-Mrs. Reilly. His beloved's interest and admiration were so flattering that it is reported he went on and told not only every matrimonial trick in his repertoire but how his first wife might have checked them had she been as smart as he was.

The great "mouthpiece" seems not to have realized that he was making the great mistake in criminal tactics not only of confessing but of confessing in advance. This was revealed to him later when the second Mrs. Reilly, in her divorce suit, took advantage of all that free, expert advice to collect \$3,000 a year alimony. The defeat was humiliating, and a few years later, when he complained that it had damaged him professionally and thus reduced his income, the courts took pity on him and cut both alimonies in half.

Instead of profiting by these two reverses, Reilly went on to marry a third time, his famous trials, and remaining single. Reilly married again. He had assigned his third wife, Fleurette, in getting her divorce from her first husband, and afterwards he said that at the time he knew she had been so cruel to that previous husband that he hid from her in Canada to the day of his death. If that be true, Reilly's clients' Flarettes seem like the contributory negligence on his part.

Though she weighs only 120 pounds to his 200 he stated mournfully that she kept him in constant terror of his life and once took a shot at him, this giving him some of the atmosphere of being murdered. He asserts that she completed his mental and financial downfall by her "awful cruelty and extravagance."

So the great "mouthpiece" has left his wives and his murderers, none of whom he liked, for the shelter of an institution, turning over his affairs to the aged but competent hands of his mother.

Reilly's most effective stroke in this case came when he introduced a psychiatrist who told the jury that women who are expecting to become mothers often suffer from a mental derangement called "confusional" insanity, and really do not know what they are doing. This, he said, was what happened in Cecilia's case, and he made such an impassioned plea for her that the jury said, "Not guilty because of temporary insanity."

Once Reilly was defending a hold-up man who wanted to plead guilty because the case against him seemed hopelessly strong. There was no chance to drag in a waiting baby, a weeping woman or confusional insanity, and the State's star witness was a nice old lady who had seen the robbery from her window. Reilly knew that the jury would resent his brow-beating such a person but he had to call her a liar somehow and had an inspiration. Pointing to a clock at the other end of the courtroom, not quite as far away as she said she had been able to see the robbery's features, he reverently asked her what time it was.

"I can't see," replied the old lady, and the case collapsed.

Though Reilly's mission in life was to save criminals from punishment, he did not like them nor associate with them, except for business reasons. One of his almost miraculous triumphs was in getting a jury to acquit Nunzio Sigorelli and Dominick Gusella, accused of killing a rival gunman in a pistol battle. On hearing their verdict the judge gave Reilly a significant look and then turning to them said:

"Gentlemen, the same lawyer defended both men. Gentlemen, two murderers have been let go."

With grins of gratitude, his two

\$15.50 HAND CLEANER FREE



AND A YEAR'S SUPPLY OF FAMOUS KVP DUSTING PAPER WITH Westinghouse MOTOR-DRIVEN BRUSH CLEANER

— all for the regular price of the Westinghouse Standard Cleaner alone!
Extra light and extra powerful—this improved floor cleaner, with its time- and labor-saving features, is easier to use and does a better cleaning job in less time. Guaranteed by "the name that means everything in electricity."
Use the large cleaner for periodic thorough cleaning; use the Hand Vac for the many daily cleaning jobs it does so handily and well. It weighs only five pounds—yet is almost as powerful as some full-size cleaners.
And the KVP Dusting Paper replaces messy dust cloths and polish bottles—it cleans and polishes at the same time—takes up all the dust. Used regularly in countless homes and offices. Three large rolls are included free.
Here's a \$56.95 Value—for a limited time—saving you \$17.00.

\$39.95

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3 GREAT QUALITY SPECIALS

● Handsome, dependable Westinghouse appliances are proud performers at your parties—are reliable daily table servants.
Toast for breakfast, for late snacks, for appetizers: delicious coffee at the flip of a switch; crispy brown waffles and other tempting dainties made right at the table, on the living-room coffee table or in the sickroom. Smartly styled—quality throughout—backed by a great name—sold by all Westinghouse retailers.

THE TOASTER

Two-slice, turn-over trays automatically turn the slices; chrome and black finish. Accurately spaced heating element for even toasting; complete with detachable cord and miniature plug.

THE PERCOLATOR

Six cups, chrome plated; non-tarnishing and easy to clean; sturdy base and mar-proof feet; long life, protected heating element; complete with detachable cord and miniature plug.

THE WAFFLE BAKER

Heat-indicating, with 7½ inch grids; finished in chrome, polished black handles, mar-proof feet. A handsome, well-built appliance. Complete with detachable cord and miniature plug.



REGULARLY PRICED AT \$350 * \$595 * \$595
SPECIAL OFFER FOR LIMITED TIME ONLY

AGAIN!

6 RAILROAD WHEEL TEA TOWELS FREE!

WITH THIS

Westinghouse Streamline Iron

\$8.95

● Lighter—faster—easier-gliding iron: correct heat for every fabric maintained automatically. Extra hard chrome base is scratch-resisting. Bevel-edge for buttons—tapered toe—cover and handle 100 degrees COOLER because heat is concentrated in the base—at work. You'll thrill to this new experience in ironing!
The six towels, 2 months' supply of Sotina and Iron all for the price of the iron alone—



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THE Emperor
improved, simplified, more beautiful than ever.

"so clean - so easy - so economical"

● Eight out of every 10 of the hundreds of apartment owners interviewed recently said that their Westinghouse Ranges actually save time to operate, or at least no more, than old-fashioned cooking methods.
The newest Westinghouse model will help you change one of the 10 simplified, improved 1937 models to suit your needs—and tell you about the easy budget plan on which you can buy it.

Value!

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★
Westinghouse
MODEL 'X' WASHER



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● A value you must see to appreciate! Words or pictures fall way short of doing it justice.
The name Westinghouse assures you of good and enduring quality—quiet, vibrationless operation—gentle, thorough washing action—balloon-roll safety wringer—and ample family-size capacity.
See this washer at your dealer's—an outstanding value in an outstanding line of modern Washers and Ironers.

A SENSATIONAL OFFER!

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Kitchen-proved
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REFRIGERATOR



● Certified tests in 89 Proving Kitchen under actual home conditions with full load and door openings as many as 113 times a day show that daily current cost for the new 1937 Westinghouse Refrigerator is only a little more than a postage stamp—even on hottest days. See a demonstration of this new Kitchen-proved Refrigerator.

Low-cost operation was U. S. Public Works Administration order for 16,000 refrigerators.
In Government's competitive bids—based on unit price \$42.10 per year electricity cost—Westinghouse proved lowest of all.

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New! Multi-Purpose BROILER-GRID

WITH Westinghouse Adjust-o-matic ROASTER



● Every cooking operation, performed to perfection by electricity—the clean, dependable, safe, economical way. Every user is an enthusiast.
New Broiler-Grid broils and fries perfectly. It is easily attachable. Opens to the side—no scorched arms; easy to clean; grid rack doubles the baking capacity for layer cakes, pies and cookies.
The Roaster is easily portable—needs only 2 feet of shelf space—ideal for homes, apartments, summer cabins—everywhere that better food, more easily prepared, is appreciated.

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Why the Bible Tells So Many Crime Stories

The Rev. Mr. Morse-Boycott, Distinguished English Clergyman, Explains That the Holy Book Is a Mirror of "Human Nature in the Raw," and Retells in "Modern Detective" Manner What He Considers Its Outstanding Recitals of Evildoing



Jael Killing Siera With the Nail. Painted by James Northcote, R. A., Distinguished English Artist of the Eighteenth Century.

LONDON, April 2. MANY have wondered why the Bible, "The Good Book," contains the noblest literature ever written, tells so many stories of sensational and terrible crimes. No man could be better fitted to explain this, perhaps, than the distinguished biblical scholar and English churchman, the Reverend Desmond Morse-Boycott, rector of ancient St. Mary-of-the-Angels at Highgate, England, and in his latest book, "The Great Crimes of the Bible," published by Skeffington, London, he does explain in his foreword as follows:

"The Bible is a mirror of human nature in the raw, of man's groping after God, of God's reaching out to man. That is why it can never lose its appeal. In this work I have reconstructed a few of the 'classic' crimes. I do not preach, for the moral is implicit. I hope to gain the attention both of lovers of the Bible and those whose interest is not aroused unless the crime is the theme of the story. I hope, too, that their interest in the Bible as a whole will be aroused by reading my book, as my reverence has been deepened by writing it."

The Bible, as many other reverent commentators have pointed out, practically begins with a crime of desecration in God and a murder, that of Abel by his brother Cain. It ends with what the Reverend Mr. Morse-Boycott calls in his book, "The Greatest Crime in History"—the Crucifixion of Christ.

He lists as the great crimes in the Bible in their order: "The Murder of Abel by Cain (Genesis, Chapter 4); The Story of Sodom and Gomorrah (Genesis, Chapter 19); The Cheating Out of His Birthright by Jacob of His Brother Esau for a 'Mead of Potage' (Genesis, Chapter 27); Joseph Sold as a Slave by His Brothers (Genesis, Chapter 37); The Assassination of Ephraim, King of Moab, by Elisha, who he calls 'The Murder of the Fat King' (Judges, Chapter 1); The Murder of Siera by Jael (Judges, Chapter 4); The Slaughter of Jephthah's Daughter by Her Father (Judges, Chapter 11); The Witchcraft of Saul and the Seduction by King David of Bathsheba, the Wife of Uriah the Hittite (whom David sent forth to certain death so he could have possession of his wife); (1 Samuel, Chapter 26; 2 Samuel, Chapter 11); The Violation of Tamar by Her Brother Amnon (2 Samuel); The Crimes of King Ahab and Queen Jezebel (1 Kings); The Perfidy of Nebuchadnezzar (2 Kings); The Story of the Lethiferous Elders and Susanna at the Bath.

The tale of Susanna and the Elders is related in the "Apocrypha," the books of that name which are to be found in the Roman Catholic Bible only.

Especially interesting in the modern telling is the Rev. Morse-Boycott's retelling of the Bible stories. In that of Susanna he describes her at the bath as follows:

"She waited to bathe, but had left her oil and washing-balls behind, tired of the claims of make-up. Nature had made her beautiful, and she somewhat resented the necessity imposed on her by Babylonian standards, of hiding her glory behind cosmetics. Yet her husband expected her to use them, and tonight there was a special banquet."

"Turning to the two maids who stood beside her she said, 'A little pettishness! I suppose you had better fetch my oil

and washing-balls, so that after I have bathed I can get ready for this evening. You know where to find them, but don't hurry back. I shall have a sunbath for half an hour, and then you can attend me. And oh! by the way, as you go out of the garden look the three doors and take the keys with you."

"The hidden elders heard their voices die away. The plan was effectual. The beautiful woman, now seated on the marble parapet of the swimming-pool, dipping her shapely feet into the water, was wholly at their mercy for one hour, and, measuring her morality by their own evil lives, they had no reason to suppose she would not as eagerly yield to their proposals as other women before, in less promising circumstances. So they rose up and ran to her, saying: 'Behold, the garden doors are shut, that no man can see us, and we are in love with thee; therefore, consent unto us.'"

"If thou wilt not," said one of them, we will bear witness against thee that a young man was with thee; and therefore thou didst send away thy maids from thee."

"Susanna realized in a flash the implication of their threat. If she consented, she could not denounce them; if she refused, they would denounce her falsely for fear of what she might say."

"I am straitened on every side," she said with a sigh, "for if I do this thing it is death unto me, and if I do it not I cannot escape your hands. It is better for me to fall into your hands and not do it than to aim in the sight of the Lord." And so saying, she cried with a loud voice for help."

Help came, the wicked elders fled, but Susanna was brought to trial on their lying charges. Daniel, not yet the great prophet, attended it. Daniel bowed to the judges and said: "Put these two aside one far from another and I will examine them." Protesting angrily the elders were separated, one being led by a usher into the witness box, the other out of court.

"Then one of them Daniel asked: 'Now then, if thou hast seen her, tell me under what tree sawest thou them in company together?'"

"The simplicity of the question, when he was expecting a subtle challenge of his morality, or perhaps even the testimony of a witness in the garden, who had told Daniel the whole truth, threw the elder into confusion. 'A mastic tree,' he stammered, naming the first that came to his mind, a shrub yielding resin and berries, of which, he knew, there were a great many in Joachim's garden."

"Then, motioning the usher to lead him away, he called for the other elder, saying to him: 'Now, therefore, tell me under what tree didst thou take them companying together?'"



Susanna Surprised at the Bath by the Two Wicked Elders. From a Quaint Old Eighteenth Century Woodcut. One of the "Great Crimes" of the Bible, According to the English Minister.



The Daughter of Jephthah. Another "Crime" Cited by the Rev. Mr. Morse-Boycott. Painting by Milman.

up in their seats and denounced the two elders of the wisdom of the young man, Daniel, and women said: 'I served those elders right, spying on them in her bath.'"

The Rev. Mr. Morse-Boycott's argument is that the Bible, being in the main history would be meaningless had it left out the crimes which then as now make history. Hardly has the Old Testament told about the creation of Adam and Eve and why they were expelled from the Garden of Eden than

the first murder story comes—Cain kills Abel.

Of course, that murder is not strictly history. Whatever the original facts may have been, they were lost in the remotest beginning of tradition long before the Hebrew chroniclers started to write. The story has really two murders—one the evil of jealousy, and the other a lesson which holds true in law to this day, and that is that when a man comes into court he must come with "clean hands."

Robert Ingersoll who shocked the country years ago by his attacks upon the Bible, used to hold up the Lord's rejection of Cain's sacrificial offerings as an example of Divine injustice, and put the blame for the

murder of Abel on Jehovah for his discrimination between the two brothers.

But the English churchman explains that it was not the character of Cain's offerings that made the Lord reject them, it was the character of Cain. He had not come into court with "clean hands."

Or, as the minister put it: "He had not done well, that he knew in his heart of hearts. His ways were evil and his motives were not pure. There was nothing wrong with his offering, but everything wrong with him."

In his reconstruction of that crime, he brings it into modern phrase and image which make his points clear to everyone. Cain was what would be called today a "dirt-farmer." He produced fruits and vegetables by tilling the soil. Abel, his younger brother, was a sheep-raiser.

Cain took some of the best specimens and laid them on a rock beside some choice cuts from some of Abel's fattest lambs. The Lord seemed to approve and accept. Abel's meat-offering, however, but to scorn the vegetables. The real truth is that meat and vegetables had nothing to do with the decision—Jehovah approved Abel, but disapproved Cain, and that Cain was rotten within was immediately proven by his murder of Abel.

But, the lesson taught, Rev. Mr. Morse-Boycott points out, the Lord showed mercy to the murderer, saying: "Whosoever slayeth Cain, vengeance shall be taken on him sevenfold."

And God set a mark upon him," continues the minister, "to protect him, not, as many have thought, a visible mark on his forehead, nor a paralysis nor a horn growing from his head, for such would have betrayed him, but a mark of some sinister sort to ally the fears of his own tortured soul."

The Esau and Jacob mess-of-pottage narrative would seem to be one of the most outrageous something-for-nothing swindles ever recorded. Since the swindler got away with it, the average reader may be puzzled about the moral, but not so the Jews for whom it was written.

Esau and Jacob were twin brothers, but Esau had been born first and was therefore entitled to inherit all the wealth of his father, the patriarch Isaac. As the years passed, Esau the first-born became a hunter, outdoors man and not father's favorite, while Jacob, pet of his mother Rebecca, was a studious, indoor youth with a genius for cooking.

One afternoon Jacob came home famished, and finding nothing substantial to eat, chased the servants out of the kitchen and took time to prepare himself a delicious bowl of lentil potage. Just as it was finished in case Esau, ten times more famished from hunting all day, to find his brother in possession of the only available square meal. Jacob gave him one tantalizing taste, and then asked what he would give for all of it. Why, most anything—that did he want? All Jacob wanted was Esau's inheritance, his birthright.

In view of the insignificant consideration, it was the most preposterous demand ever recorded. But Esau, after a second's thought, agreed, devaluing the potage without worrying about the staggering price. And why not? He knew that his father would have to approve the deal and confirm it by giving

his patriarchal blessing to Jacob whom he disliked instead of to his favorite Esau, which was unthinkable."

But by the time Isaac was on his deathbed and almost blind he was tricked into giving the blessing to Jacob instead of to Esau. By the law this blessing once given could not be revoked.

The moral is that Esau, who had so much by birth and his brother, Jacob, so little, tried to cheat Jacob out of that paltry bowl of potage and thus over-reached himself and lost everything.

But, as the clergyman points out, "Jacob was punished for his duplicity. He served Laban seven years for his daughter, Rachel, and then, had the cross-eyed Leah foisted on him in the darkness of the nuptial chamber. The deception was poetical, for as he awoke in the morning and saw with dismay that he had been tricked, the remedy of his own deception must have come back vividly. The bitter lot!"

The murder of Siera by Jael, the wife of Heber, is listed by the minister as one of the "Great Crimes" of the Bible. It will be recalled by Bible readers that Jael slew Siera, the leader of the hosts of Jabin, King of Canaan, against the Israelites, after Siera had claimed and Jacob had given him the sacred pledge of safety under the old law. She killed him by the cruel method of driving a nail into his head while he lay asleep in her tent.

Many have asked what could have been Jael's excuse to herself for thus violating all the laws of hospitality. Apologists have said that the lesson of the story is that treachery to this guest was not really so bad because patriotic acts aside all other laws. It is interesting, however, to find that the English churchman gives no such explanation nor does he draw any moral from this tale.

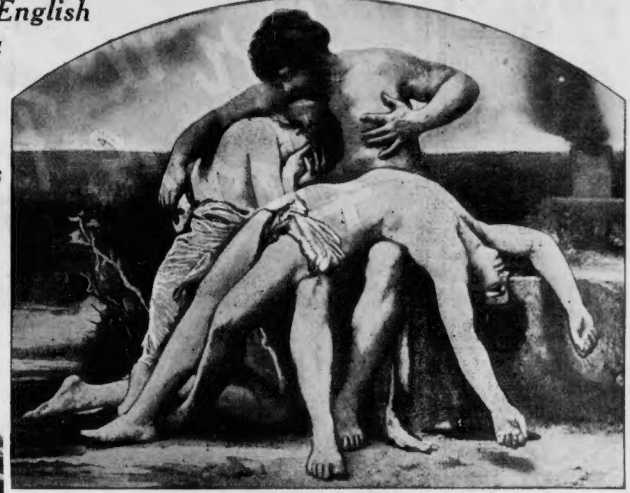
He only says that Siera thought to buy his safety from Jael with gold, but that after she had killed him she demanded and received gold to deliver Siera into the hands of Barak, leader of the Israelites. And he ends his retold story with this significant observation:

"She (Jael) dug a trench for the body forth for her guest before Heber should return from his journey; for Heber would beat her when he knew, yet less harshly if the body were hidden, and she poured good red gold into his lap."

The tale of Jephthah's daughter is one of the most moving in the Bible. Many have wondered why the Lord, who withheld the knife of Abraham from slaying his son, Isaac, as a sacrifice, did not thus intervene to save the innocent maiden from the fates to which her father's vow had doomed her. It will be remembered that Jephthah, son of a harlot or Muggle in Gilead, was cast out from the city but later became the Chief of Gilead. Setting forth to fight the Ammonites he vowed to Jehovah that if he were given the victory he would sacrifice the first person who came out of the city of his house to meet him on his return. The first to come out was his daughter, and he sacrificed her.

Nor did the clergyman find a moral in this story. Indeed he adds a significant note—"I have taken a liberty with this story. Why, most anything might be said that Jephthah knew his daughter might be the first to come out of his house, and took the risk deliberately. I find it so difficult to suppose this, that I have said he thought her dead."

Ending with the Crucifixion, he points out that if crime had been left out of the Bible the life of the Saviour would have been left unfinished.



The First Murder Story Was That of Abel by His Brother Cain. Adam and Eve Mourning Over the Slain Abel. From Painting by Bouguereau.

EATERS DIGEST



COWPUNCHER'S GULLION
A friend from Danbury (T. W.), introduces me to gullion made according to a cowpuncher's recipe:

Three cans of Heinz Oven-Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce, a can of corned beef, 4 tablespoonfuls Heinz Tomato Ketchup and a teaspoonful of Heinz Worcestershire Sauce are all cooked together.

KING-PIN SANDWICH

Bachelor E. V. B. of Chicago, a gourmet on the lookout for a gustatory mate, writes: "I went to a stag party the other night and found one man who had a wife clever enough to know what men like in the way of food. No pink-ice spreads on that buffet, but good, simple, he-man stuff. A salad that was a salad, if you know what I mean. Picnic size, and garnished with Heinz Sweet Pickles. But the king-pin of it all were the sandwiches. I persuaded my host to rout his wife out of bed to give me the recipe for this:

1 medium can Heinz Oven-Baked Red Kidney Beans
1/2 cupful grated American cheese
2 hard-cooked eggs, chopped
1/2 cupful finely chopped celery
2 teaspoonfuls Heinz Worcestershire Sauce
Heinz Mayonnaise
Salt to taste
20 slices whole wheat bread.
Drain and mash kidney beans. Add other ingredients and mix well. Spread thick between two slices bread.

"Now, if I could find a girl with a Heinz complex, maybe..." "I can't be running a matrimonial bureau, E. V. B., but perhaps my \$5 check will console you. You're welcome—and thanks!



NORTH WOODS RAREBIT

"Here's a dish I conjured in order to vary my diet in the Canadian North Woods when the temperature was sixty below. To one can Heinz Pork and Beans, add 1 cup diced ham or cooked meat, 2 tablespoons Heinz Tomato Ketchup and a little salt. Allow to simmer a few minutes, add 1/2 pound American cheese sliced, and then stir slowly until the rarebit is smooth. A dash of Heinz Pepper Sauce may be added if you like it hot."—P. M., New York. Thanks, P. M.—it's a noble dish!

\$5 REWARD If you have any smart, original recipes or interesting facts about the 57 Varieties, send them to me. You'll get a check for five dollars and a beautiful certificate with your name on it if your contribution is used. Mail to Demi Tasse, c/o The House of Heinz, Dept. 42, Pittsburgh, Pa.

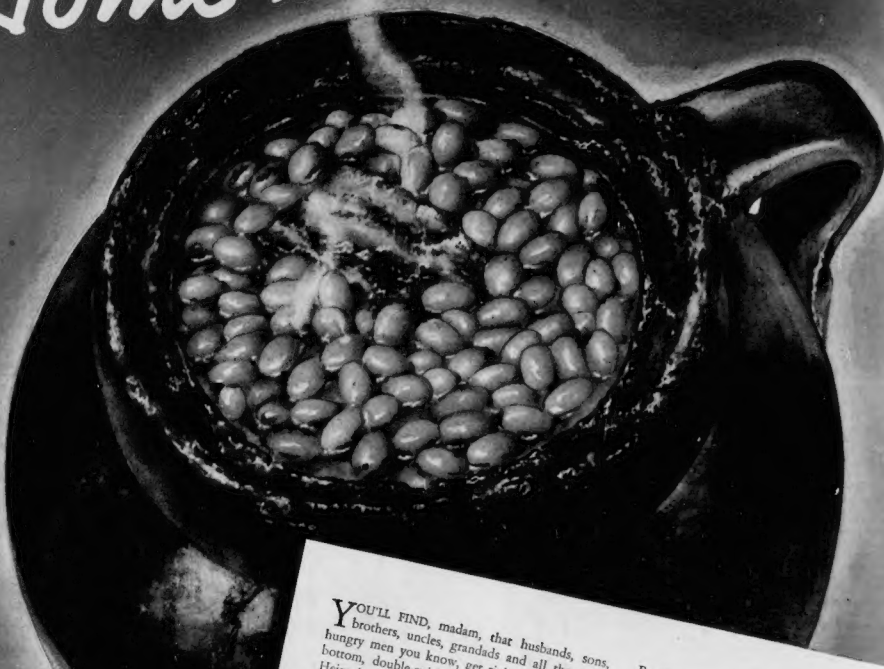


BAKED BEANS IN TOMATO CASES

"Cut off slices from the tops of six large tomatoes and scoop out the centers," writes J. W. C. "Dust the inside with salt, and brush with a bit of Heinz Prepared Brown Mustard. Fill with the contents of one can of Heinz Oven-Baked Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce, and sprinkle the tops with one-third cup of grated American cheese. Bake for 20 to 25 minutes in an oven at 375°F. Serves six persons." And I may add—serves them right!

—Demi Tasse

For men who like Home Baked Beans



YOU'LL FIND, madam, that husbands, sons, hungry men you know, get right down to the bottom, double-quick, when a bubbling pot of Heinz beans is brought on. That's because Heinz beans are the genuine, old-fashioned, oven-baked home kind. Just try an experiment tonight and see! Empty a tin or so into the family bean pot. Heat in a moderate oven till the tantalizing fragrance fills the kitchen—and steals into the dining room! Then pile the beans high and serve with thick cuts of brown bread, golden slabs of sweet butter, and good coffee!

It used to take half a week-end to get up a grand old Yankee bean feast like that! But not any more. Heinz does the work now. Examines and culls the world's choicest beans. Soaks them hours for ovens. Then drenches 'em in the tastiest sauces that ever made men-folk ravenous!

Be prepared to gladden many a mealtime with these four Heinz oven-baked kinds: (1) with pork and tomato sauce, (2) vegetarian-style—with tomato sauce, but without pork, (3) Boston-style, with pork and molasses sauce, (4) red kidney beans, baked in a sweet sauce of their own. Phone your grocer for a generous supply now. Keep all four styles on hand—they come in handy.



57

HEINZ Oven-Baked BEANS

Listen to HEINZ MAGAZINE OF THE AIR

Critics rate it highest among daytime program! It's a complete woman's magazine—fashioning fashions—music—fiction—food! Tune in every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday morning, Columbia Broadcasting System.



Aunt Martha, leading lady of Helen Storme Carleton's series "Trouble House", dines with fellow members of the cast.



The glorious baritone voice of David Kennedy brings you the latest romance of song.



Bill Adams reports news of the 57 Varieties—tells you what's what in good eating!



Guardian angel of all the "Trouble House" children—Aunt Martha.



LOOK FOR THIS DISPLAY AT YOUR GROCER'S

Tree!

HERE'S YOUR NEW VACATION HOME! 25 COMPLETE TRAILER OUTFITS

(MADE UP OF)

25 "COVERED WAGON" Trailer Homes 25 NEW 1937 FORD V-8 Sedans

AND 1000 GALLONS OF SINCLAIR H-C GASOLINE FREE WITH EACH OUTFIT

Highlights of the New 1937 FORD V-8

"The Quality Car in the low-price field"

Model offered is new Tudor Sedan

Power—The V-8, 85 horsepower, Ford engine gives quick acceleration...
Ample reserve power with all the benefits of Ford economy. **Easy-Action Safety Brakes**—Ford brakes give you "the safety of steel from pedal to wheel."
New All-Steel Safety Body—Tops, sides and floor welded into a single unit of great strength. Safety glass all around. **Riding Comfort**—A big, roomy car with extra space in the body. Center-Poise ride for all passengers. **Modern Design**—Headlamps streamlined into fender aprons. Large luggage space. **New Interiors**—Rich wood grain finish on inside trim. Sport upholstery treatment. Windshield opens. Front seat adjustable. **Inspected by** 48" Tudor Sedan at the Ford dealer near you and is subject to a VALUABLE price at it.

Highlights of the "COVERED WAGON" Trailer Home

Model offered is new, De Luxe, 19-foot Trailer...Provides an entirely new degree of travel luxury...Home-like comfort. **Matchless interiors**
Brakes—Electric, standard equipment. **Chassis**—All-steel electrically welded. **Special carbon steel** for great service strength. **Coupler**—Permits full turning in any direction. No way cannot break apart. **Windows**—Eight double-strength steel sash and frames. All windows screened. Open, close and lock from inside. **Interior**—Linen storage, beds for four people, clothes wardrobe, kitchen sink, stove, floor covering, store, kitchen sink, stove, linen closet, light fixture. Also free extra equipment. **Side-Wall Construction**—Chester Light fixture. Also free extra equipment. **Side-Wall Construction**—Chester Light fixture. Also free extra equipment. **Side-Wall Construction**—Chester Light fixture. Also free extra equipment.



Here's the easiest contest ever... Write about 25 words telling "Why I Like Camay Better Than Any Other Beauty Soap." You may win one of these 25 trailer outfits or one of 300 cash prizes!

WHAT COULD be more thrilling than to be the proud possessor of one of these beautiful trailer outfits—each made up of a big, economical 1937 Ford V-8 Sedan and a "Covered Wagon" Trailer Home—complete with furnishings, even to 1000 gallons of Sinclair H-C gasoline. Think of the places you could visit... the many sights you could see... and the vacation trips you could take, it's better if it's a week-end sojourn or a two-month tour!

But the best part of all—this contest is simple, easy and you don't have to be a college professor to win. Read this advertisement carefully... be sure to follow the rules... then write your letter!

We are offering you these wonderful prizes simply because we want more women to discover why Camay is called "The Soap of Beautiful Women." For once you've tried this marvelous soap—once you've seen how Camay helps your complexion—we know you'll never go back to any other. Camay is so gentle, so mild, so thorough in its cleansing millions of women depend on it as their favorite beauty aid.

When you try Camay, notice its delicate fragrance, its creamy lather—feel how gently it caresses the skin—see how Camay a tiny, energetic bubbles completely cleanse down to



A POWERFUL, ECONOMICAL CAR—The 1937 Ford V-8 Tudor Sedan with its 85 h.p. engine is an ideal car for trailer travel—powerful, easy to handle!

EACH TRAILER OUTFIT COMPLETE AND READY TO TRAVEL!

You have nothing to buy when you step into one of these beautiful "Covered Wagon" Trailer Homes! Everything has been thought out—a stove, sink, electric lights, radio, sink, running water, lockers, cupboards, dresser, in front even to 1000 gallons of Sinclair H-C gasoline for the Ford V-8! The new "Covered Wagon" is ideal for your Trailer Home—wide and roomy—easy to handle—beautiful to look at!

Includes the regular accessories and furnishings—Camay's own giving you the maximum, strong coupling for four people. Silverware, toilet paper, by the Camay Company. Silverware, toilet paper, by the Camay Company. Silverware, toilet paper, by the Camay Company.



ALL THE CONVENIENCES OF HOME—The inviting interior of every "Covered Wagon" Trailer Home is further enhanced by the completeness of useful accessories.

TUNE IN ON "PEPPER" FOR CONTEST HINTS

EST	C.S.T.	M.S.T.	P.S.T.
10:30 A.M.	9:30 A.M.		
3:00 P.M.	2:00 P.M.	1:00 P.M.	12:00 M.

1,000 GALLONS OF SINCLAIR H-C GASOLINE FREE!

Each Trailer Outfit includes 1000 gallons of Sinclair H-C gasoline—free!—a year's supply free, as you wish to use it. Famous everywhere for bulk purchases, real economy your Sinclair H-C gasoline wherever you want to go.

ACT AT ONCE... YOU MAY WIN ONE OF THESE TRAVELING VACATION HOMES...FREE!

25 FIRST PRIZES 25 "Covered Wagon" Trailer Homes (completely equipped)

25 new 1937 Ford V-8 Sedans (with 1000 gallons of Sinclair H-C gasoline)

300 OTHER PRIZES 100 Prizes . \$10 in cash! 200 Prizes . \$5 in cash! A Total of 325 Prizes in All!

PRINCIPAL PRIZE WINNERS WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

HERE ARE THE EASY RULES!

1. Just fill in on about 25 words "Why I Like Camay Better Than Any Other Beauty Soap."
2. Print clearly your name and address, give the name of your newspaper, or publication, and the name of the city, state and country. All entries must be postmarked before midnight, May 1, 1937.
3. Put in an extra entry as you wish, free and without charge, and it is accompanied by three Camay soap bars or packages.
4. Judges will award prizes to the entries which are the most original, most appealing, most clever, most witty, most humorous, most interesting, most unusual, most original, most appealing, most clever, most witty, most humorous, most interesting, most unusual.
5. The 25 principal prize winners will be announced in the American Weekly in June. The 300 other prizes will be awarded in the American Weekly in July. The 300 other prizes will be awarded in the American Weekly in July.
6. Entries must be received by the deadline of June 1, 1937. Entries received after this date will not be considered.
7. Entries must be received by the deadline of June 1, 1937. Entries received after this date will not be considered.
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CAMAY

The Soap of Beautiful Women

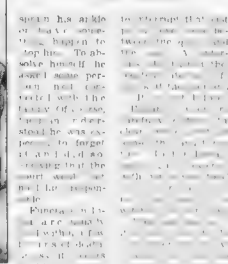
Second Successful Suttee or Widow's Suicide Within a Few Months Arouses British Authorities in India to Take Sterner Steps Against the Cruel Sacrifice



Kulayati: the First Wife to Outwit the British Police and Kill Herself by Suicide



The Fat Fakir of Rupnabani Native Village, Who Knew About the Correct Ceremonies Involved in the Practice of Suttee, and Who Told the Missionary Mother How to Go About It.



The Fat Fakir of Rupnabani Native Village, Who Knew About the Correct Ceremonies Involved in the Practice of Suttee, and Who Told the Missionary Mother How to Go About It.

the "Columbia" and the "Hudson" were the only vessels of the line to be damaged. The "Columbia" was damaged by a bomb which exploded in the engine room, and the "Hudson" was damaged by a bomb which exploded in the boiler room. The "Columbia" was damaged by a bomb which exploded in the engine room, and the "Hudson" was damaged by a bomb which exploded in the boiler room. The "Columbia" was damaged by a bomb which exploded in the engine room, and the "Hudson" was damaged by a bomb which exploded in the boiler room.

As the first of the three cases, the 1990-91 season was the most difficult for the industry. The weather was not ideal, and the market was not as strong as in previous years. The industry was hit hard by the recession, and the weather was not ideal. The industry was hit hard by the recession, and the weather was not ideal.

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Unblinking Confessions of Famous



"La Belle" Otero in Street Costume of the Period.



Amusing Cartoon by "Sem," the French Cartoonist, Showing Notorious Figures of Parisian Life Grouped Around a Gambling Table at Monte Carlo. Including (in the First Row) Maurice Ephraïm, Mlle. Polaire, Prince Poniatowski, and (behind) Santos-Dumont, Madame Réjane, Henri Rochefort, and (last) woman standing on the right, "La Belle" Otero.

WITH a frankness hardly to be matched anywhere, Madame Caroline Otero has told the story of her extraordinary life—as a stage star and a calculating adventuress. La Belle Otero was a tonight favorite of a generation ago. Her charm, coquetry, beauty and alluring dancing swept men of wealth and title into her arms in all the capitals of Europe, in Russia, in the United States and in South America.

But if Otero beguiled rich men and sold her charms to them for jewels and money, Fate pursued the pretty Spanish dancer and stripped her of the profits of her adventures. Again and again this remarkable woman lost her heart to some scamp who played upon her affections and made off with her money and jewels.

Unblinking Otero describes her conquests of men and gives this as her philosophy of life—

"Ever since my childhood, I have been accustomed to see the face of every man who passed me light with desire. Many women will be disgusted to hear that I have taken this as homage. Is it so despicable to be the flower whose perfume people long to inhale, the fruit they long to taste?"

Well, La Belle Otero followed that policy of life and she now finds herself forlorn and alone. Gone are her jewels and her sweethearts.

Four suicides Mme. Otero lists of men who killed themselves on her account, but how many homes she broke up, how many lovers were driven to financial ruin to win her smiles, she does not catalog. Otero's memoirs printed on these pages preach their own moral lesson.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

I have told how my father was killed in a duel with the lover of my attractive but evil Spanish gypsy mother. Sent away to school from my wretched, unhappy home, I escaped and ran off with a boy sweetheart, Paco. Though a mere child, I got an engagement to sing and dance in a small café at a salary of two puestas (about forty cents) a night—and Paco put the money in his pocket. Leaving my boy sweetheart, I found a better engagement in Lisbon at 1000 puestas a month. As I stood, sitting waitfully into a jeweler's window one day, a rich banker in Lisbon chatted with me, took me aside, loaded me with jewels and set me up in an apartment, having made me give up my engagement at the theatre.

Surfeted with this life of a pampered bird in a gilded cage, I left my rich banker friend and returned with Paco in Barcelona where I gained a new stage triumph. I was kidnapped from the theatre and became the petted darling of a wealthy young Spaniard but his parents separated us and I was left in the hands of Count Alfredo—devoted admirer but, alas, not rich.

CHAPTER III. By CAROLINE OTERO. (Continued from Last Sunday)

ONE night, Alfredo took me to the Opera in Oporto when they were giving "Rigoletto." I adored music, and the performance enchanted me. To be frank, it was not Verdi so much as the baritone who was the attraction. He was extraordinarily handsome, or so he seemed to me, and I admired him passionately. I confided in Alfredo, who was always posted in everything, and he told me that women went mad over this singer. He made fresh conquests every night, it seems—married women, courtesans, young girls. They did not all die for love of him, but every one of them was sorely smitten.

I begged Alfredo to take me round and introduce me, and he did as I asked. I was presented to the famous baritone. He was a rather dilapidated Italian Count, who would certainly have sold his title for very little. All the same, he made a deep impression on me. It was love at first sight, a sudden, vehement passion—the thunderbolt out of a blue sky.

I invited my handsome singer to dinner. We saw each other after that, and I soon began to long to transfer to him the thing I had so treasured—my precious liberty. My last adventure with Manolo, whom I had genuinely loved and trusted, had left a painful memory. Rudely awakened, I had re-

lapsed into a sort of lassitude, a state of chronic heartache, and now this disappeared and I was merged into a new infatuation. I gave my singer to understand that he attracted me. After his succession of conquests, this by no means turned his head; indeed he received my declaration with a calmness that was fatuous. But I added that I was tired of adventures, and that if he had any serious leanings towards me, I asked nothing better than to become his wife.

I suppose it was surprising that he agreed, but he did agree. Our engagement was a very short one. We got the necessary papers, I asked permission formally of my mother, and we were married at Oporto. The course of events proved that I had far better have looked before I leapt, but I have always made hasty decisions, and they have generally turned out fairly well. This time was to be the exception.

Guglielmo was still in favor at the opera-house, and indeed I should have been mortified if he had given up his career. I loved to see him on the stage in one of his becoming costumes; I adored hearing him sing; his warm, deep voice had an extraordinary sweetness for me, and I passed my evenings in a state of ecstacy, listening and thrilling to the notes he sang. It would all have been quite perfect to me, but for one drawback. If only the parts, as in olden days, could have been filled entirely by male actors, I should have been so happy! As it was, each time he had to take a woman into his embrace, I nearly died of jealousy. One day, the great singer Theodorini came to give several performances. She was most seductive, and as she was a better actress than the others, Guglielmo put more life and fire into his own acting to meet the life and fire in hers. This made me jealous to an unbearable degree, and I made scene after scene. I even struck my handsome singer, and his languishing eyes that he made at all the women, especially Theodorini.

He always answered me complacently and carelessly.

"Come, come, Ninette, it's not for good and all! We are acting a comedy. We can't possibly play at five miles distance from each other."

I did not take any of these excuses in good part. I redoubled my reproaches, sometimes even my blows. Guglielmo pocketed everything philosophically, doubtless plotting to pocket something

Profile View of Mme. Otero Wearing a Spanish Mantilla.



different later on. When I overdid the scenes, he would sometimes turn on me and tell me he had had enough, that if he was not to be allowed to be free to act as he felt like acting, he would leave the theatre. He would have been disconcerted if I had taken him at his word; but he knew well that I appreciated his gifts and had ambitions for him.

One day, when his engagement at the Oporto Theatre had ended, Guglielmo made an announcement.

"My little Nina," he said, "we are going to Rome."

"Going to Rome? Have you an engagement there?"

When it was a question either of myself or of Guglielmo, it was always of the theatre that I thought first. He said he had no definite engagement, but once there he would have no difficulty in finding something.

"But why go so far afield?" I asked. He replied that his father had written to him from Rome, that his father was going blind, and his mother wished to see him, etc., etc.

Since my husband appeared to take no care of his own interests, I felt that it devolved upon me to protect them.

"How shall we manage if you get no engagement? The journey will cost us a great deal," I said.

"Don't you worry your little head over all that, Nina. It will settle itself. You'll see."

Settle itself! Settle itself! He was an optimist, my handsome Guglielmo! But I had a shrewd suspicion that most of his optimism was founded on my savings. However, he used all his arts to persuade me that this journey was a sheer necessity, so we decided upon it. A few days afterwards, we took our places in the steamer that left Oporto for Marseilles.

At the Hotel de Noailles, where we first stopped, Guglielmo informed me that he had not yet heard from his parents, and that we must wait for a few days at Marseilles.

I guessed from his embarrassed manner that he was lying, but I liked Marseilles, and I was quite willing to pass a few days there. The concierge recommended us a small hotel where we should be comfortable at small expense. This place was kept



"Leaning on the back of a chair I accented Folies. 'Ah! Here you are. I've been looking for you for days. Why did you not come?' She answered insolently, with a calm, detached manner. 'I admire you as a woman, but—not as an artist.' 'Nothing could have exasperated me more, or touched a more wantre spot in my face, and my attitude must have been pretty threatening. Flinging lustily and drawing the nearest weapon. 'Seeing my enemy ready for the fray, cannot moving in more possible than she was. I seized the chair she had been sitting on, and, such as you find, I do so heartily that she fell.'"

by Madame Lermuna, mistress of the house at Marseilles paper. She was a very beautiful woman, who gave singing lessons. She came herself at the Palais de Cristal. She had many friends with me, and was always extremely kind to me. We stayed for some time at this house. My husband constantly professed to be in love with me; an engagement; but my impression was that his search was made with the fervent passion that should be unsuccessful. He still looked forward to waiting for the letter from his parents, which never arrived, till one day he grew tired of the elaborate farce of waiting for the news, and proposed that we should pay a visit to Monte Carlo. I had no objection—quite the contrary, so off we went, and installed ourselves there in a beautiful house.

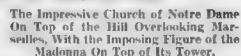
I soon discovered that all the machinations of Guglielmo were simply aimed at getting to Monte Carlo. He was, in short, confirmed and hopeless gambler.

It seemed always to be my fate to sink my money with men who had an irresistible passion for gambling. This was the second time, and was far from being the last. I certainly could not succeed in keeping Guglielmo from the tables, and this was to cost me dear in the long run.

Ever since we had left Oporto, every penny of our expenses had fallen upon me. Guglielmo had taken no fresh engagement. I still had some savings left, but they were not inexhaustible.

On the principle that everything shames that does not grow, my small fortune melted away. Guglielmo spent the whole day at the tables, and always seemed to lose. What does one owe to Monte Carlo for, if not to lose? Naturally, the more he lost, the more he played in the hope of recouping himself. He plunged wilder and wilder with infatuation to numbers that never would

**Mme. Otero, Former Stage Queen,
Reveals With Astonishing Frankness
How She Made Her Rich Lovers Pay
en Foolishly Tossed Away Her Money
s Fast as She Acquired Them**



(Continued on Page 26)

that never won
after having exhausted all my savings, it was
But for the
son and ran a

Miracle Whip
Salad Dressing
A NEW KIND OF DRESSING CREATED BY
KRAFT
KRAFT PHOENIX CHEESE CORP., GEN. OFFICES-CHICAGO

Ordinary Polish MAGNIFIED 18 TIMES

Bumpy, uneven and already cracking—no wonder it peels and chips and has a low lustre on the nail because of its rough surface. Representative of competitive brands and is a specimen of a brand retailing at 50¢.

New Cutex Polish MAGNIFIED 18 TIMES

Smooth as glass—it wears for days. Make this test yourself—apply any other brand of polish alongside Cutex on a piece of glass—see the difference in looks and wear!

Does Your Nail Polish Peel or Chip?



Try these New Smoky Shades

* Mauve

A misty lavender pink. Perfect with blue, gray and with delicate evening pastels.

* Rust

A fascinating smoky pink with brown undertone—becoming with green, brown, beige, copper.

* Old Rose

A soft, feminine dusky rose. Very flattering to the wearer—and especially irresistible with the new wine shades!

* Robin Red

A new, softer red that everyone can wear. Goes with everything, day or evening—very sophisticated with black and white.

THE NEWEST SHADE

* Burgundy

A brand-new deep, purplish wine shade. Enchanting with pastels, magnificent with black, white or wine, electrically smart with blue. Cutex also comes in Light Rust, Natural, Rose, Coral, Cardinal, Ruby and Colorless.

TESTS PROVE

New Cutex Polish will not peel or chip—for days and days!

DOES nail polish have to chip off right away?" women asked us. "Certainly not," we said. And we proved it.

Exhaustive tests over a long period prove absolutely that our New Cutex Polish will not peel or chip for days! The reason is simple.

We took pictures of our New Cutex Polish and pictures of 8 competitive brands right after they had been applied to a smooth surface.

The photographs showed an amazing difference. Look at them above—magnified 18 times. You can see for yourself

that the surface of the New Cutex Polish and the surfaces of the ordinary polishes are entirely different.

Notice the perfectly smooth, even finish of Cutex under the microscope! It will stay unmarred on the nails for days. Its glass-like surface doubles its wear.

Now look at the rough, bumpy, uneven finish of ordinary polish. The lines show the beginning of cracking and peeling—10 minutes after the polish dries!

Big Saving... It's easy to see how much you can save in time and money if you wear the New Cutex Polish. Its lustre will

be higher, too, because of its smoother, longer wearing surface.

And remember—besides longer wear and higher lustre, the New Cutex Polish is famous for its new smoky shades that go with many more costume colors. It's usable to the last

drop, too—resists thickening in the bottle.

Stock up on the new, longer wearing Cutex in your favorite shades today. 11 smart shades to choose from! Only 35¢ a bottle, Creme or Clear, wherever you shop.

Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

New Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover REMOVES CUTICLE SAFELY WITHOUT HARMFUL CUTTING

Cuticle has a natural tendency to grow dry. Cutting the cuticle makes it rough, ragged. You need a cuticle remover. But ordinary cuticle removers actually separate a dry, rough condition.

By dissolving keratin in solution! Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover contains a special oil which softens and removes the cuticle. Helps make it softer, smoother, more pliable. Try it today. Only 35¢ a bottle.

CUTEX INTRODUCTORY SET containing your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Cutex Oily Polish Remover and the new Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover for 16¢.

Northam Warren Corporation, Dept. 7-4-4
181 Hudson Street, New York, N.Y.
(In Canada, P.O. Box 2120, Montreal)
I enclose for the entire cost of postage and packing for the
Cutex Introductory Set, including 2 shades of Cutex
Liquid Polish, each 35¢. Name:
Address:
City:

No Bite!
No Bite!
Still no Bite!
A bit of bite in the
to or the Telescope
which gets smaller
smaller as you use
tobacco. No better
as you reach for a
even the last one.

Continued on Page 20

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

True Police Stories.

HELP MAKE PLYMOUTH AMERICA'S SAFEST CAR!

POLICE GIVE VALUABLE TIPS TO AUTO ENGINEERS... "Beat Driving Strain"... "End Fatigue From Noise and Vibration"... "Prevent Swerving Stops"... "Cut Braking Time"... "ELIMINATE DANGEROUS PROJECTIONS FROM INTERIORS!"

Starting... True!... Policemen and auto engineers as collaborators!

Reports of traffic cops at crowded intersections... from city police blotters... revealed the causes of accidents... gave our engineers clues on how to MAKE PLYMOUTH THE SAFEST LOW-PRICED CAR BUILT!

Plymouth engineers, inspired by police and hospital records... developed new contributions to the cause of safety... SWEEP PLYMOUTH'S BIG INTERIOR CLEAN OF STREET PROJECTIONS... curved all door handles... re-arranged knobs into the instrument panel!

Used RADIO-STUDIO METHODS to sound-proof

Plymouth's beautiful body against noise and vibration!

THEY FLOATED Plymouth's body on live rubber mountings... cradled it on big, airplane-type shock-absorbers... to give you the comfort of a "Floating Ride."

ADDED TO PLYMOUTH'S 100% HYDRAULIC BRAKES AND ALL-STEEL BODY. THESE GREAT NEW FEATURES GIVE TO YOU AND YOUR FAMILY THE GREATEST PROTECTION YOU CAN BUY!

Think of your safety—and the safety of others. Go see Plymouth, safest of "All Three" low-priced cars... the car that stands up best. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.



VITAL TO YOU AND YOUR FAMILY



...and your family's safety...



...and your family's safety...



...and your family's safety...



...and your family's safety...

...and your family's safety...

It's Our Own Family's Personal Whiskey Recipe

AND WE'VE BEEN DISTILLING-FOLKS FOR THREE GENERATIONS

Us and the Old Timers that put up Our Family's Whiskey

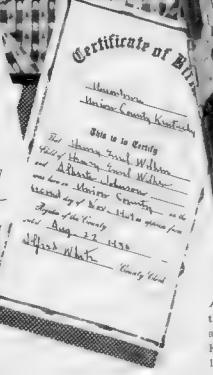
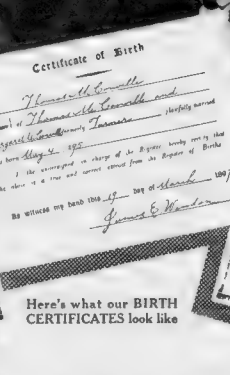
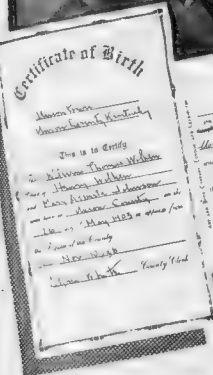
That's me standing up. On the further side of the table next me it's Pop Easley that's been distilling close to 20 years. Then Dan Coyle, Dan started coopering for Dad 42 years ago. Next Dan it's Mel Swank and Bald Ragle Baldy sizes up the grain. With their back to you it's Bill Alloway up this end—and he's been a cooper 38 years. Next Bill it's Jim Egan, head stacker. Then my brother William and my brother-in-law Tom. Harry E. Wilken

I DON'T rightly see as things could hardly be different from what they are. I mean folks finding the Wilken Family Whiskey tastier and milder feeling on their throat than anything they ever got a taste of. For this whiskey is more than one man's whiskey—it's our own Family's Recipe—the personal favorite of us distillers that have been a family of whiskey making people since I couldn't just say how long. Take Grandpa Wilken. He was a distiller. And Pa Wilken. He put in

forty odd years at it. And that's not mentioning William and me and Tom. And the best of everything that all of us ever learned concerning the making of good whiskey is in this Family's Recipe of ours. So I'd say it would be funny if it wasn't just the best you ever tasted!

Harry E. Wilken

The Maple, R. F. D. No. 3
Schuylkill, Pa.



Here's what our BIRTH CERTIFICATES look like



Above—Here's Grandpa Wilken—Harry E. Wilken, the first—Dad's father. A first rate whiskey distiller as far back as 1866. On the right hand of him, it's Harry E. Wilken, Sr.—Born in Lebanon, Ky., August 16, 1875—44 years experience making good whiskey.

\$120 OFFER!

FROM TOM AND WILLIAM AND ME TO ANYONE PROVING THE FACTS ABOUT US BEING REAL FOLKS AREN'T TRUE!

We've been a bit hurt now and then when we hear how some folks think us Wilkens are kind of made up by some advertising fellow. So we got together and decided to offer \$120 out of our savings to anyone who could prove we're anything but what we really are—honest-

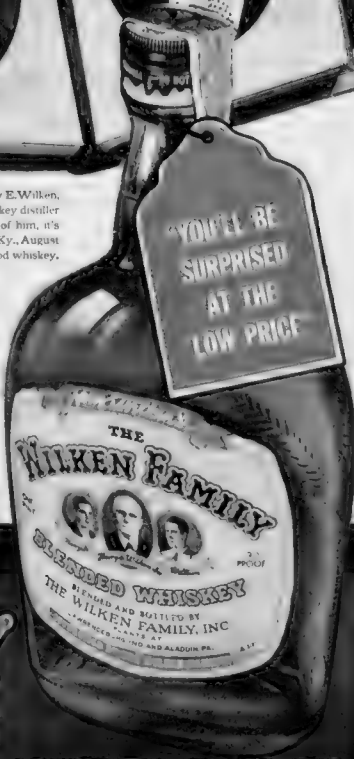
to-goodness folks the same as you that's reading about us. We've been a family of distillers since way back when Grandpa Wilken started up making whiskey. So we're offering \$120—being \$50 from me and \$35 from my brother William Wilken and \$35 from my brother-in-law Tom.

It's our family's whiskey, neighbor—and neighbor—it's your price!

THE WILKEN FAMILY

BLENDED WHISKEY

BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY THE WILKEN FAMILY, INC.
ALADDIN, PA.—DIVISION OF SCHENLEY PRODUCTS CO., INC.



Special—The straight whiskeys in this product are 15 months or more old. 25% straight whiskey; 75% grain neutral spirits. 20% straight whiskey 15 months old, 5% straight whiskey 4 years old. • Copr. 1937, The Wilken Family, Inc., Exec. Offices, N. Y. C.

EN-GAY

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The Unblushing Confessions of a Famous "Gold Digger"

(Continued from Double Page)

son of one of the biggest brewers in Marseilles. He had for his mistress a very pretty woman whom everyone called Felicia. Felicia's suit was not accommodating, nor did Felicia appear to take infidelity lightly, by any means. She looked at me with decided hostility, in spite of the fact that her lover had never made me any particular distinction. Besides, at that time, I could not bear fair play! I only liked the real Spanish type, the handsome, classical bronze, with ardent dark eyes and the supple figure of a forerunner. Felicia need not have feared for her blond lover; indeed, I never did discover what specially aroused her jealousy.

One day, at the Palais de Cristal, I had just come on with the air of assurance that covered my secret diffidence, and had begun to sing. Suddenly the whole place resounded with huzzas. I stopped for a moment, startled and disconcerted. Applause tried to counteract them. There was a real "scene" in the building, so much so that the curtain had to be let down. In this hubbub, the rumor began to spread through the audience. The knowing ones declared: "It is Felicia who has set them on to huzzas Otero!"

I went back into my dressing-room, quite dumfounded. Rosalie, who was my dresser, did her best to comfort me. I was completely unstrung; a little more and I would have burst into tears. The manager came into the box. "There, there, my beauty, don't you worry!" he said. "It's not worth it! Those 'ifs' these brutes won't let you sing, then you shall dance! Take it cheerily—huzzas! Show them you're no drowned rat! Go for it! Oiler! Oiler!"

The curtain went up, and I was pushed on to the stage. I began to dance. I threw into my dancing such a fury of ardor that applause at once rang out. The hissing, naturally grew fiercer to match it, but my side won, and I was smothered in flowers. After the performance, the manager sent for me. I went with Augusto to his office, and found that he had already summoned the head of the clique. As soon as Augusto set eyes on this man, he broke out violently.

"Who is paying you to sing?"

The man did not answer for a moment. Augusto rushed at him and took him by the throat. Shaking himself free, the man replied: "It is Madame Felicia! She has paid four days running, and we only had a chance to begin today!"

For the whole of the next fortnight, this turmoil went on every night. The moment I appeared, huzzas and claps mingled together, with the greatest violence. My nerves were all on edge, especially as my enemies were so content with hissing, but proceeded to attack me in certain papers which gave caricatures of me, labeled, "Caroline, Cassa Felicia." All the Marseilles newspapers joined in and took sides.

The rumor flew from mouth to mouth that Felicia's lover had deserted her. She had got up this scheme to avenge herself on Otero, whom she imagined to be the cause. "One fine day, about a fortnight after the beginning of the scandal, when the huzzas had been more vehement even than usual, Augusto and I arrived at the Cercle after the show. I was extremely nervous, but I put on a placid air, knowing that I was watched and having no desire to gratify my enemies.

"Many people here tonight!" asked Augusto, as the waiter took his overcoat. "Not yet, Sir. Madame Felicia is here!"

When I heard the name, I started. All my wilder instincts were aroused at once. I tore off the veil that covered my head and dashed into the salon. I saw the waiter's nervous reaction, and heard Augusto say: "Let it alone. Two women never killed each other yet!" Felicia had only just arrived and seated herself at a table. It appears that she was waiting for her lover; there had been no reconciliation. Leaning on the back of a chair, I accosted her.

"Ah! Here you are, I've been looking for you for fifteen days. Why did you have me huzzed?"

She answered innocently, with a calm, detached manner.

"I admire you as a woman, but not as an artist."

Nothing could have exasperated me more or touched a more sensitive spot than this speech. My fury was easy to read on my face, and my attitude must have been pretty threatening. Felicia rose hastily, and dragged a hat-pin out of her hat as if she were seizing the nearest weapon.

Seeing my enemy ready for the fray, caring nothing for my own possible blinding or disfigurement, I was quicker of movement than she was. I seized the chair and struck her on the shoulder so heavily that she fell. It was an iron fist to her delicate frame. When I saw her on the ground, I sprang forward, and would have thrown myself upon her like a veritable savage.

Everyone rushed to separate us. Augusto held my arm to my side, while the rest crowded round Felicia, who shook all over, rubbing at her injured shoulder. "You ought to have prevented her!" the adverse camp told Augusto, who replied in language, that only can be excused on the score of his excitement.

Next day, I was hailed before the Police Commissioner. I stood before him quite unperturbed, so strong was my conviction of a righteous cause. I had been attacked, I had defended myself, what then?

He gave me a paternal lecture, advising me not to do it again, and next time to "defend myself" a little less energetically. After thanking him for his advice, which I hadn't the faintest intention of following, I rejoined my impatient and anxious Augusto, who, knowing me, had his misgivings as to what was happening, and was deeply relieved to see me reapar.

All these incidents caused a great deal of talk, and were magnificent publicity for me. The little Spaniard no longer simply intrigued the town of Marseilles; she occupied its mind obscurely.

My success was greater than I had ever been. At the Palais de Cristal, the public shouted at me every night, at the Cercle des Etrangers, every man paid court to me. Augusto began to grow dependent. He could see that he would not be able to monopolize me forever. He knew that it would be better to give me up at once, and go away; but he waited.

Just at that time, one of the Fornal brothers—the Fornis were a rich and very well-known Marseilles family—made me a declaration of love and implored me not to be cruel to him. He was very sympathetic to me, and I own I was attracted. I was on the verge of leaving Augusto for him when I had a visit from a dis-

tracted woman who besought me not to rob her of her lover. It was Fornis's mistress. She told me she would kill herself if her lover left her.

I was so sorry for her that I promised to refuse all presents from Fornis and to discourage him. I kept my word, and far from separating the two lovers, I did my best to reconcile them.

What was rare was that this woman had never ceased to be grateful to me, and delights to repeat that she owes me all her happiness for she ended by marrying Fornis.

I was coming to the end of my engagement at the Palais de Cristal when one day I noticed in the audience a man who applauded frantically. I attached no special importance to this, but while I was dressing in my room a card was brought to me.

What was my stupefaction when I read upon it the name of my husband!

This sorry individual, whom I had forgotten, must needs turn up like this without notice. I felt stunned. Hadn't he been enough to torture me?

First, I refused to see him; but with his usual coyness, he pushed past Rosalie, my dresser, and came in without warning. I thought I was well-armed against him. Alas! How weak we are, and how helpless, in the presence of those who have once seen our hearts beat fast.

"Ninette, my little Ninette, forgive me. I ask you to forgive me on my knees!"

And he, whom I had always seen full of vanity and fatuousness, actually knelt down humbly at my feet. Not only did he kneel, but he began to cry.

For us women, who are accustomed to be flattered, the feeblest part of creation, who go for consolation to our supposed masters, it is a very painful to see those great ones weep or give any sign of weakness like our own.

He saw that I felt pity for him, and concluded that his cause was won. He told me he had been summoned by a telegram from his parents that his father had been very ill, etc., etc.—what didn't he tell me?

"And my money that you lost for me?" I said to him.

"Forgive me! Oh, I know it was unworthy of me. But I will pay you back Ninette—I'll pay you back!"

Guglielmo promising to pay me back!

Why try to explain my weakness? He insisted, he urged all manner of things, and once more I gave way. Even if I had not, he could have forced me to follow him; he still had the full legal rights of a husband over me.

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For us women, who are accustomed to be flattered, the feeblest part of creation, who go for consolation to our supposed masters, it is a very painful to see those great ones weep or give any sign of weakness like our own.

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TOOTH
POWDER

A Basic Dinner Menu Guide

The evening meal, whether it be called dinner or supper, should be one of the pleasantest hours of the day, affording opportunity to enjoy the family and occasional guests. The typical benefits to be derived from a well-cooked, well-served meal are very great. The spiritual food of good fellowship, pleasant conversation and kindly words may determine in large measure the mental and moral attitudes of all the members of the family.

All unpleasantness should be avoided. A happy, successful family I have known for a long time has a wise and amusing custom of paying a small fine for each reference to anything disagreeable at the table. There is a charming Mexican pottery back in the shape of a pig and everyone who offends by any reference to a forbidden subject feeds the pig. On the last day of the month the accumulated wealth is given to some deserving charity.

Any home-maker who can create the intangible factors of happiness, friendliness and gaiety around her dinner table is a valuable member of any community and her children will rise up and "call her blessed."

A basic dinner guide or pattern for the average family includes a beverage (milk, milk soup or fruit juice), a protein or tissue-building food in the form of cheese, eggs, meat or meat substitute, a starch food in the form of potatoes, rice, macaroni or dessert, two green vegetables, and a fruit for first course, in a salad or as a dessert.

If a more formal dinner pattern is desired, the simple basic pattern may be elaborated upon to include at least two other courses. The appetizer may be fruit cocktail, sea food cocktail, grapefruit, melon, oysters, etc. Hors d'oeuvres may be simple or elaborate and are served before guests come to the table. The

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Tomato Bouillon.
COMBINE 1 pint boiling water, 2 tablespoons minced onion, 1 slice carrot, 2 cups canned tomato and a bit of bay leaf. Simmer for 20 minutes. Dissolve 2 teaspoons beef extract in 4 cups boiling water, add the tomato mixture, a few grains pepper and 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Strain through fine sieve and, if desired, a double thickness of cheesecloth. Reheat and serve.

Celery Bouillon.
WITH a clean, damp cloth wipe a three or four-pound bunch of celery. Cut it into small pieces. Put the meat, bone, 2 quarts cold water, a few peppercorns, a bit of bay leaf and a slice of onion and the chopped outside stalks of a head of celery in a large saucepan. Bring gradually to boiling point. Simmer 4 or 5 hours, adding water as it evaporates. Add 1 tablespoon salt when about half done. Strain and let stand until fat comes to the surface. Skim off fat. Place in a casserole dish, add a slight grating of lemon rind and partly cover with boiling water. Cover and cook gently 2 or 3 hours or until tender. Season to taste and thicken with a little flour blended with water or butter. Add 1/4 cup rich milk. Serve in a border of steamed rice or mashed potatoes.

Butterscotch Ice Cream.
MELT 1/2 cup butter in heavy frying pan. Add 2 cups brown sugar, and cook until melted. Add 4 cups milk slowly, stirring constantly until sugar is dissolved. Blend 1/2 cup flour, 1/2 cup brown sugar and 1 cup milk. Add a few grains salt and combine with the first mixture. Cook until thick, stirring constantly. Beat 2 egg yolks, pour a little of the hot mixture over them and cook 1 minute, stirring to prevent lumping. Chill. Add 1 1/2 pints cream and 2 tablespoons vanilla. Freeze as usual. Serve with butterscotch sauce.

Veal and Ham Rolls.
COOK 1/4 cup fine, soft bread-crumbs in 1/2 cup milk until thick. Add 2 1/2 cups ground raw or cooked veal, 1/4 cup ground ham, 1 tablespoon minced green pepper, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon, if desired, tomato catsup, a few grains pepper and a little paprika. Mix well. Shape into small rolls. Roll in flour. Cook in bacon fat until lightly browned. Place in a casserole dish and over them pour a gravy made as follows: Add 2 tablespoons flour to the fat in the pan. Blend well. Then add 1 1/2 cups well-seasoned

stock and stir until creamy and smooth. After pouring the sauce over the meat, bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees, until well done. Serve on rounds of toast, with the sauce or gravy. Garnish with crisp watercress or parsley.

Potato Apples.
COOK potatoes in boiling, salted water until done. Mash and press through potato ricer. To 2 cups mashed potatoes add 1 beaten egg, 2 tablespoons cream, 1/2 cup grated cheese and salt to taste. Make into apple-like balls. Roll in fine bread-crumbs, insert cloves in balls to represent stems and blossom ends, and bake.

Cauliflower with Tomato and Cheese.
SOAK 1 head cauliflower in cold salted water 1/2 hour. Drain well. The cauliflower in a piece of cheesecloth and cook until tender in boiling, salted water. Drain. Melt 3 tablespoons butter in saucepan, add 4 tablespoons flour and blend well. Add 2 cups milk, a few grains pepper, 1/2 teaspoon salt and 1 tablespoon sugar and stir constantly until creamy and smooth. Add 1/2 cup grated cheese. Place cauliflower, head up, in a buttered baking dish. Pour the sauce over the cauliflower. Cover top of cauliflower with thin slices of peeled tomato, sprinkle with salt and dot with a little butter. Bake in a hot oven, or at about 400 degrees, just long enough to cook the tomato. Serve immediately.

Mixed Fruit Sherbet.
MIX the juice of 3 large lemons, the juice of 3 lemons and the mashed pulp of 3 ripe bananas, add 2 cups sugar and mix well. Add 5 cups milk and 1 cup thick cream. Freeze as usual.



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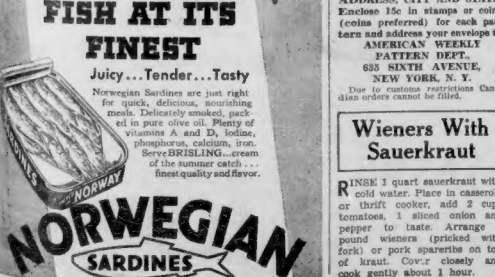


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1... SAFER because they digest far more easily than the finest strained foods—they're prepared by special homogenization.

2... SAFER because they give baby a more varied diet every day—each Libby tin contains three foods instead of one.

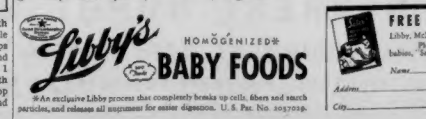
• He's a chubbier, healthier baby than his sister was! And one of the reasons is the doctor's recommendation: Libby's Baby Foods when he was only three months old!

• Vegetables, you see, contain precious minerals—especially iron—that we babies need for growth and development. And Libby's specially homogenized vegetables digest so easily that there's almost no chance of upsets.

• Libby's Baby Foods are easier for baby's delicate digestive system to handle than the finest strained foods. It's because Libby's special process of homogenization does what no sieve or strainer can ever do. It breaks up the thousands of tough-walled food cells in vegetables, fruits, cereal and soup. . . .

• All nourishment is released for easy digestion. And Libby's Baby Foods digest more completely, too, so baby gets more nourishment from the same amount of food.

• See your doctor regularly about your baby's diet. . . . and get Libby's double-safe Baby Foods from your grocer.

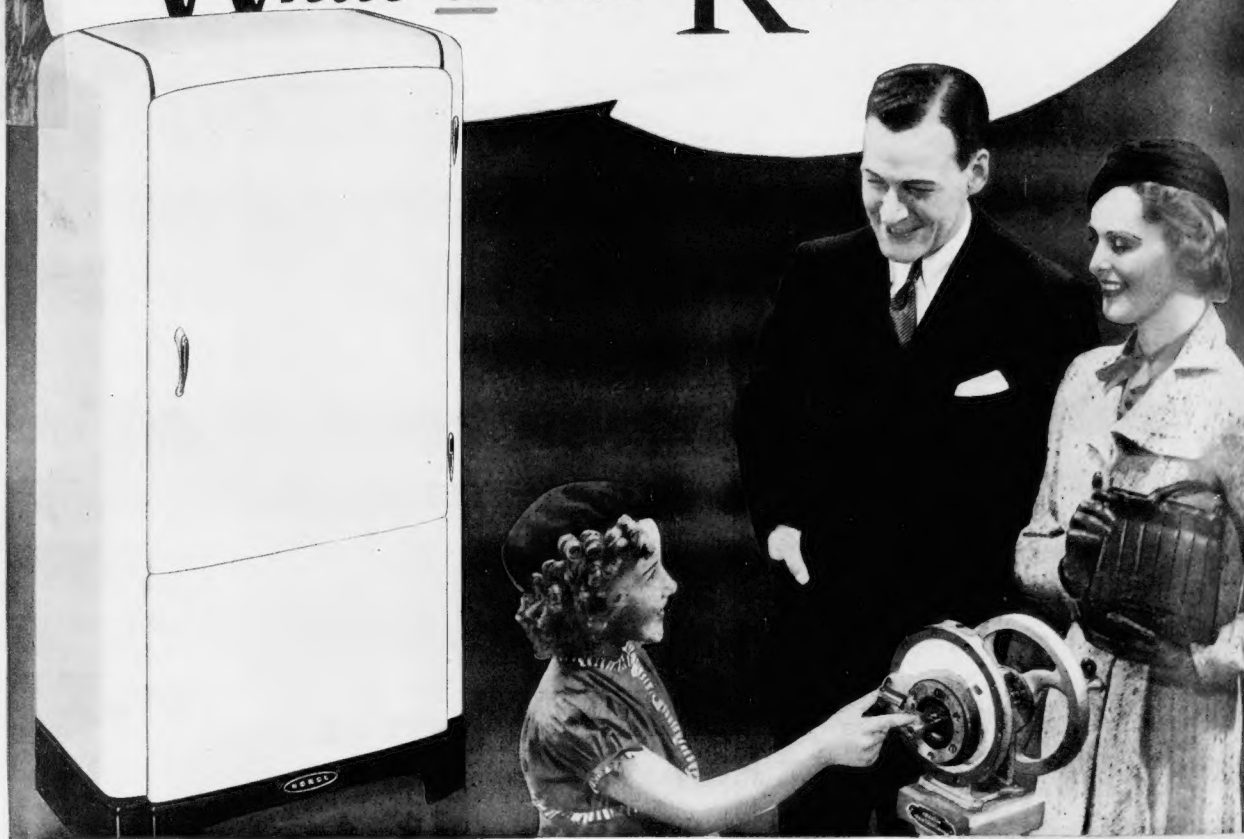


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No. 1 Peas, beans, asparagus tips
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No. 3 Carrots, spinach, peas
No. 4 Cereal combination—whole milk, whole wheat, soy bean meal
No. 5 Prunes, pineapple juice, lemon juice
No. 6 Soup—vegetables, chicken livers, barley

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You don't have to be a mechanic to understand why the Norge Rollator cold-making mechanism is a great invention. *What* the Rollator does—not how it does it—is the important thing. And what it does is simply this:

It delivers more cold for less current—better food preservation at lower over-all cost. Its three moving parts form the simplest, most dependable "mechanical heart" Norge engineers have ever found. That's why every Norge Refrigerator is a genuine Rollator Refrigerator.

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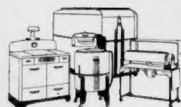
The new 1937 Norge Deluxe and Low-Temp models offer the most *flexible*—the most usable interior shelf arrangements...and new styling, new convenience features, in addition to an even further improved Rollator mechanism. See the Norge before you buy!

New Sensational Norge Low-Temp Keeps Foods Prime Fresh 2 to 5 Times Longer

For the first time all three requirements for

perfect home refrigeration are combined in one refrigerator: 1—Temperatures *below* 40° instead of below 50°. 2—Higher humidity to minimize loss of food moisture. 3—Current cost is no greater than for ordinary electric refrigeration. Norge Low-Temp Rollator Refrigeration also gives you much faster freezing of all ice-cube trays, and a hitherto unknown smoothness in home-made ice cream. Defrosting is practically eliminated. Get full details from your Norge dealer.

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1 This is the standard shelf and basket arrangement in the 1937 Norge Rollator Refrigerator. An accessory shelf is also available at slight extra cost, to supplement the standard inner shelf shown here in its lower position.

2 Insert shelf in top position and accessory shelf below, allowing bottle necks to project above the lower shelf when standing on the bottom of food compartment.

3 Insert shelf in upper position so that larger articles may be placed on the bottom of the food compartment. These interior arrangements show only three of the nine possible combinations in most of the Norge Deluxe and Low-Temp Rollator Refrigerators.



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